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THE HON. KATHLEEN DE BLAQUIERE.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE have before us a volume probably unique in English literature. It is the correspondence of Sanderson Miller of Radway, and its leading characteristic is the picture that it incidentally paints of the life of a country squire a hundred and fifty years ago. Judging from his portrait, Sanderson Miller belonged to a type of country gentleman that we are glad to know still persists in the shires. Physically he was a very erect man, with a singularly frank and open countenance that shows every mark of cultivation and refinement and yet is not without that touch of self-confidence which very nearly approaches the arrogant. But to look at the face is to understand why it was that a large number of the most intelligent men of his time made him their confidant and poured out their thoughts in those long letters which the leisurely eighteenth century delighted in. Much too often there is published nowadays the life and letters of individuals whose title to fame is by no means self-evident; but the peculiarity of Sanderson Miller's correspondence is that it consists almost exclusively of letters written to him and containing only two or three of his own communications. Indeed, very little is known about him beyond the fact that he was considered a great architectural authority in his time, and a zealous exponent of "the true Gothic." On this aspect of the book our architectural reviewer will have something to say anon. What we are concerned with at present is the interesting material which has been gathered together for the amusement and instruction of the general reader. There is scarcely anyone who figures in this book without appearing in a new light, and the reason is obvious. Men like Pitt, the Lytteltons and the Grenvilles, Lord Dacre, the Earls of Guildford, Coventry and Hardwicke, Sir Edward Turner and Mr. Talbot of Lacock are known to us only as figures in history. Here they appear divested of their official robes and we see them in the intimacy of private life. How different they are in this capacity from the general conception is strikingly exemplified in the person of the elder Pitt. Publicly he had the

character of being reticent and even forbidding in his demeanour. In his correspondence with Miller he is playful and vivacious to a degree. He does not write about affairs of State, but of domestic matters. He is full of chaff about Miller's architectural achievements. He talks of children being offered up to "the Idol, Taste, as in the manner of oblations to Moloch." He bids Miller go on and prosper, "Making Angels in bas-relief and alto-relief as fast as you can." He pours forth his blessing on a party to which he cannot come in mock heroics that would have done credit to Harry Fielding. "May the grand Landskip Painter, the Sun, spread his highest colouring o'er the sweet scene, and the fairest Naiad of the Lake frisk all her frolick Fancy at the Cascade, and be, what you must ever think a pretty Girl, most charming in her Fall." The most amusing letters are written by Sir Edward Turner, who was a great friend of Miller's, and of Mrs. Miller, a lady whose charm is felt throughout the volume, although extremely little is known about her. He was always inventing new and frivolous names for her, sending messages to "the philosophical Womanette," "the infinitesimal instance of perfection" and so forth. We know very little about Mrs. Miller, but from her will, which is reproduced, it is very evident that she was a woman of character. At a time when funerals were ostentatious she desired to be buried in "a most private and plain manner." She was to be carried to the grave by six poor men, to each of whom five shillings were to be given, and the disposal of her goods shows a thoughtfulness and decision of character which seem to tell exactly what sort of a woman she was.

Of the Lytteltons, the most amusing correspondence was Sir Richard's. He is described as "The jolliest of the family." He started on a military career, and was in his early youth rather thriftless. At any rate, he was always in debt, and his letters to his father are full of requests for money and promises not to play any more. But later in life he found an easy way of providing for himself. Horace Walpole, writing to Manning, tells how he married the Duchess of Bridgewater, "she forty, plain, very rich, and with four children; he six-and-twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her six more." His letters are full of the rollicking humour that we might expect. In one he sends ten thousand thanks "for the very best green corn partridges that ever were eat," and thanks his correspondent for apples which "have lost their flavour." The most touching letters, in a way, are those that were sent by young John Cotton. They are dated 1739, in which year he made a tour that extended into the farthest Highlands of Scotland; but unfortunately he seems to have caught smallpox at Durham on his way back, and died there.

Perhaps the best account of the manners of the time comes from his wife, who writes with charming illiteracy. "I have been teizing your Idle lazzie indolent friend this week past to answer your letter." She tells how he has changed into a "cheerfull agreeble husband that goeth to bed at eleven o'clock, can lye till nine in the morning, then read two or three hours to me while I am stitching, visit with me or receive our common friends with me in the afternoon, or play at home the old sober family game at whisk for a trifle, and finish the evening with a single bottle of wine, and three or four agreeable persons of either sex: as for a Coffee House he hath forgot the way to it, and I verily believe doth not know whether wine be sold at a Tavern or in a Chandler's shop." Here we have what is probably a characteristic picture of the time, though, of course, it is not necessary to take the chaff too seriously. Those, however, who are interested in the life of an English country gentleman in the middle of the eighteenth century will find abundant material in this book of a kind that has not hitherto been accessible. It is all the more interesting because the characters that figure in its pages are those with whom our first, and perhaps greatest, novelist was most familiar. There is a tradition that Fielding read the chapters of "Tom Jones" in manuscript to a party at Radway, and, whether this be true or not, it is emblematic of that mixture of fine cultivation and intellectual interest in the hunting and open-air pursuits that the squire of the day was wont to indulge in.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiére. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady de Blaquiére.

*. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



MR. RIDER HAGGARD will receive a considerable amount of sympathy for his complaint that the expenses of standing for a constituency are too heavy. He is probably very near the mark in asserting that it takes about two thousand pounds to meet the cost of a county candidature, and that, in order to keep the constituents in a sweet and proper frame of mind, the member requires to spend about five hundred a year in subscriptions of one kind and another. Mr. Haggard expressly says that he does not wish to see members of Parliament paid; but, on the other hand, there are many politicians well qualified to serve their country who cannot stand the considerable outlay involved. This is all very true, and yet things have changed very much for the better since the eighteenth century. In a most interesting book that has just been published containing the correspondence of Mr. Sanderson Miller, a well-known country gentleman of that time noted for his architectural tastes, it is stated that the notorious Oxfordshire Election cost no less than two hundred and forty thousand pounds. This, of course, must have been for all four candidates; but Horace Walpole relates that a knowing lawyer asserted that fifty-five thousand pounds would not cover his expenses. It is well known that the embarrassment of several great houses at the present time is due to the vast amounts lavished on electioneering by their forefathers. Thus the state of things at present may be bad, but it is certainly better than that which prevailed in 1755.

Those who regard the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, solely as a place in which to spend a pleasant afternoon in company with choice and beautiful plants will find it difficult to realise that there is an important and far-reaching connection between them and the present rubber boom. Yet it is mainly owing to the enterprise of the authorities of the Royal Botanic Gardens that the Para rubber tree, *Hevea brasiliensis*, which is a native of Brazil, is now being grown so extensively in many and widely separated tropical countries. In the past large quantities of young plants have been raised from seeds at Kew and shipped to official botanic stations in various parts of the tropics. Experiments have then been carried out with the plants, and the knowledge thus gained has been freely distributed among planters in the localities interested. A few years ago it was thought that a plant (*Eucommia ulmoides*) had been found in China which could be grown and made to produce rubber in this country.

At Cambridge on Tuesday the new School of Agriculture, of which we showed a photograph last week, was formally opened by the Duke of Devonshire in the presence of a distinguished company. As the Vice-Chancellor remarked in his opening address, there is no department of the University more alive than the Department of Agriculture. It has done splendid work during the short period of its existence, work that has not been merely theoretical in character, but has had a practical bearing on the work of husbandry. The improvement of wheat and the application of the principles of Mendelism to cattle-breeding are only two branches in which a vigorous activity has been shown. Professor Wood, who is head of the department, made the apposite remark that if they failed now it would not be possible to blame their appliances, or laboratory, or farm. The equipment is practically complete. It was very appropriate that the opening should be performed by the Duke of Devonshire, because it was largely through the efforts of his uncle, the late Duke, that the proposition was reduced to a practical form. A good feature is that a close union has been established between the Royal Agricultural Society and the Cambridge School of Agriculture.

In another part of the journal will be found an illustrated description of the land it is proposed to add to Wimbledon Common. In support of the movement an influential meeting was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday afternoon, under the chairmanship of the Lord Mayor. It was

attended by many whose names are closely associated with the acquisition and maintenance of commons. Among them were Lord Eversley, Sir Edgar Speyer, Sir Robert Hunter, Sir Robert Hensley, Professor Farmer, the Mayors of Wimbledon and Kingston and Mr. Richardson Evans. It was pointed out that the object was not so much to extend the area of Wimbledon Common as to preserve its beauty. The point was made that it has not yet been disfigured, as so many public places have been in large cities, by buildings crowding round and into it, and the present efforts are mainly directed to the avoidance of this great misfortune.

A short while ago we described in these columns the methods adopted in the orchards of the United States to protect the fruit trees from frost by burning oil or taking similar steps to wrap the orchards in smoke. A supreme test of this contrivance was afforded by the extraordinary weather that prevailed last week. Unfortunately, what were at first supposed to be the exaggerated reports of newspaper correspondents have now been officially confirmed, and it is feared that the frost was so severe that the crops cannot be saved. The orchards and gardens in the Mississippi Valley are described as having been at night like an army bivouac with watch-fires burning. Wood, coal, straw and oil were burnt for hours, and in a great number of cases blankets and quilts were thrown over the trees to protect the young buds. But these precautions, good though they are against normal frost, were not sufficient for the purpose, and it is said that about eight million pounds' worth of damage has been done. Unfortunately, the wheat and cotton crops have also suffered very severely, so that the effect may be very serious. One of the most noticeable features of the storm was that, while it was snowing in Georgia, the Canadians were sweating in a temperature of eighty-five degrees.

TO ONE WHO IS ILL.

(With a Picture.)

You cannot greet the Spring, my dear,
The wild and flying Spring;
You may not feel his kiss, nor hear
Him sing.

He dances over field and moor,
And down the city street,
But he may not come through your door,
My sweet.

Yet some, in other Springs gone by,
Have caught him as he fled,
And stolen from his broodery
A thread.

One such this picture: may it bring,
Fragrant with sun and dew,
A blossom from the soul of Spring
To you.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Before our next number appears, the county cricket season will once more have begun in earnest, and prophets are making the usual forecasts of its character. They do not for the most part appear to be very cheerful. English cricket during the last year or two has received something of a check, and fails to gather the immense crowds that gather for football. We do not know that this is altogether to be regretted. Young people especially are better employed in playing their own games than in watching others do so. But one reason for the increasing dullness of cricket is removable, and the M.C.C., by trying a new method of scoring, is evidently alive to the fact. During the ensuing season wins only are to be reckoned, so that teams which have been in the habit of playing only for a draw will be discouraged. Anything that tends to make the game livelier will be welcomed by the general public. It is a very tiresome thing to watch a match in which over after over is played without anything happening; and past experience has shown that when counties become too much addicted to this practice of playing for caution and safety they become unpopular. That, at any rate, was the ruin of Nottingham, which ceased to be interesting because the players developed an excess of the virtue of prudence. No doubt this reproach has been to some extent removed by the spirited captaincy of the last few years, but it remains as a warning to the other counties.

Many people will hope that the wrestling incident which occurred the other night at the Oxford Music Hall will bring these exhibitions to an end. In this case two men wrestling for what they called "the championship" mauled one another most severely, as one of the candidates for victory seemed intent on throwing his opponent over the footlights into the orchestra. In the end he succeeded in putting out the man's knee-joint, and lost the match on the ground that he was guilty of foul play. Incidents of a similar kind have occurred very frequently during recent matches, and they tend to bring the catch-as-catch-can system of wrestling into very bad odour.

The matches themselves are not of a kind that would draw the attention of any refined audience. They are conducted for the most part by foreign professionals, men who have come from wrestling families, and usually result in one form of barbarity or another. The suggestion that a return should be made to the Cumbrian form of wrestling has much in its favour. It demands at least equal skill, is much more beautiful to watch and does not so often result in contusions and dislocations. Wrestling as at present conducted is not a pastime that conduces to raise the status of the music-hall.

At the Authors' Club the other night, Mr. Owen Seaman discoursed on a subject of which he is a past-master, namely, humour. He said among other things that the English sense of humour was, perhaps, the keenest in the world, and it would not be difficult to make this good. In France, whose people are, perhaps, the most highly cultivated, there is plenty of very keen wit, but extremely little of that sense of drollery which is part and parcel of the best English literature. In Germany humour is choked by sentimentality, whereas, curiously enough, in Scotland the sentimental and humorous grow side by side. Probably the most affecting love songs in existence and also the drollest stories are Scottish. Americans are often credited with a sense of humour, but it is too thin and obvious. Even Mark Twain, whose death we are all deploring at the moment, had not that gift of laughter mixed with tears that is so often exemplified in our own books. He was the intellectual descendant of Sam Slick and Artemus Ward.

Mr. Seaman paradoxically remarked that the want of humour was conducive to success. He gave the late Mr. Gladstone as an instance, and in this respect Mr. Asquith resembles his old master. The deep earnestness of both seems to have obscured the sense of fun. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the vast majority of the great statesmen England has produced have been renowned for their wit and humour. Canning, Melbourne, Palmerston, Disraeli, Salisbury were all men noted in the past for their play with words. Among living statesmen Mr. Balfour has a pretty wit on his day, and so has Mr. George Wyndham. On the other side of the House there is a galaxy of humorists, including Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Augustine Birrell. Mr. Churchill is, perhaps, too bitter to be included, but his remark about Sir Robert Anderson's contributions to "Blackwood" had both wit and sting. He described them as being written in the style of "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo." The "Anderson's Fairy Tales" of a previous speaker was clever, but not so clever as this. It is fairly obvious that wit and humour go with success, and sometimes success goes without them.

Through a decision lately given in the courts, we are face to face once more with the problem of the *matinée* hat. It appears that a manager has every legal right to insist on a lady leaving his theatre if she refuses to remove a hat which obstructs the view of the unfortunate people sitting behind her. But this decision does not greatly alter the situation. It is obviously absurd for managers to insist on the removal of all hats at *matinées*, for, as Mr. Curzon, the manager of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, has pointed out, the dressing-room accommodation is quite inadequate. The modern hat cannot be hung upon a peg; it requires a "pigeon-hole" about two feet square to hold it. We can form but an indistinct picture of two or three hundred ladies of fashion at the end of a performance engaged in a frantic scramble for their hats. Mr. Curzon is to make an appeal to Fashion to solve the problem. Fashion has decreed, he says, that no really well-dressed lady can wear a feathered hat on the river; why should it not be "bad form" to wear a picture hat at the theatre? He suggests that the wearing of small toques should be made *de rigueur*, and has arranged for a well-known West End firm to "create" a number of toques suitable for wear at theatres and concerts. A selection of these is to be shown at the Prince of Wales's on May 2nd.

The Home Secretary, presiding at a meeting assembled to hear Mrs. Sidney Webb lecture, made some remarks about boy labour. He pointed out that in middle-class families, boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen were set to learn something and placed under very strict discipline. They go to some profession or business, and they deliberately sacrifice all chances of earning money in order to make themselves adept at the calling that has been chosen for them. The case is exactly opposite with the children of the poor. As soon as they leave school they begin to look out for situations, and the chief consideration that weighs with them is how large an amount of money can be earned. They change places with great rapidity in order to earn a few shillings more a week, and no doubt they often get a considerable wage. But while earning they are learning nothing, and when they come to manhood are driven to the ranks of casual labour, and thence to

those of the unemployed. This is a bad state of things, and the Home Secretary will earn the gratitude of his country if he can tell us how to improve it.

The work of re-housing the animals in the gardens of the Zoological Society is steadily progressing. The latest improvement is the new home which has been made for the Polar bears, and into which they were duly installed at the end of last week. At a cost of nearly fifteen hundred pounds a large pond and rockwork, surrounded by a broad walk, have been constructed at the back of the swine sheds. Along one side of this square enclosure run the sleeping apartments and nursery, which is railed off from the rest and contains a small yard and pond. A raised bank enables visitors to look down into the enclosure, while those who will may also walk round on the level of the pond. The pond, which varies in depth from two feet to five feet, affords ample swimming room, and this has been greatly appreciated by the occupants. "Barbara" especially appears to enjoy the transference from the cramped quarters in which she and her mate, "Sammy," have spent the last seven years, and on Sunday was disporting herself in the water, to the great delight of those privileged to be there.

REINCARNATION.

Long ago,
In Turkestan,
In the green oasis of Samarkand,
Made fruitful by the flow
Of thy life-giving waters, Zarafshan,
Love took me by the hand,
And taught me all of joy there is to know.
And often as I stand,
Reincarnated in some alien land,
I see, as in a dream,
The marble city gleam,
Amid its palm-tree groves,
And hear a voice like love's,
Whispering remembered words in some forgotten tongue.
Ah, I shall never, nevermore be young,
As I was then: What radiant nights were those,
On which we danced and sung,
Hours of the lute, the vine-leaf, and the rose,
With love towards their close,
Grown strangely silent, of the darkness fain.
Where art thou now,
Beloved of my soul? Doth youth again
Reincarnate thy loveliness? Dost thou
In pleasant Samarkand,
Or some sad alien land,
Remember, with the almond trees ablow,
How once in Turkestan,
By lazy Zarafshan,
We lived and loved, a thousand years ago?
R. G. T. COVENTRY.

Unhappily it is no longer possible that we can have the American humorist, Samuel Clemens, or "Mark Twain," reassuring us, in his own manner, "Report of my death greatly exaggerated." It is not necessary to refer to the work that he has done, for that is known; but as for what may be posthumously published, we may await some of his letters with more eagerness than can often be felt towards publications of that species. His humour bubbled out irrepressibly in his correspondence with friends. The writer was privileged to read one in which, after some sentences that it would be euphemism to describe as un-Parliamentary, he added, as a passing after-thought, and, of course, quite untruly, "I write at my wife's dictation." This is only a specimen of the kind of sly smile that was always peeping through between his serious speech, and he could write seriously, sensibly and very pathetically when in the mood.

At the time of the passing of what is known as the Provision of Meals Act, for giving dinners to the children at school who were not able to get dinner otherwise, there was a great difference of opinion as to its wisdom and probable working. It is very satisfactory to find, by the issue of the report, after the measure has been two years upon its trial, that it comes out of it exceedingly well. From many parts of the country teachers give evidence that the orderly sitting to eat a properly served meal has been a valuable means of educating the children in manners and behaviour; and Mr. L. A. Selby-Bigge (the principal assistant-secretary to the Elementary Education Branch of the Board of Education) prefaces the report with a comment pointing out that these dinners may also be made of use in teaching the children some idea of how dinners in their class of life can be cooked and served, and the materials of which they can be made. It seems that many of them grow up and marry and become housewives with no more ideas on these subjects than are possessed by the daughter of a West End house. Here is scope for much intelligent assistance.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Vernon Carter of Waterson Manor (the Weatherbury of "Far from the Madding Crowd"), who, when the Vestry of Puddletown met last week, objected to the proposed destruction of the chancel of the church, and was not deceived by the casuistry of Mr. Brymer, the would-be destroyer. The attention of readers of COUNTRY LIFE has already been called to this gentleman's argument that to pull down an Elizabethan chancel and an Elizabethan house and to set up a twentieth century imitative Gothic chancel of which the walls will be constructed out of stones thus obtained is a "restoration in the literal sense of the word." Though the doomed house may have been built out of material which once formed part of an original

Gothic chancel, yet the original window tracery, roof and other features cannot be pieced together even if portions of them exist. It will be a newly-built fabric largely composed of newly-wrought materials, on "conjectural" lines, and it is nonsense to pretend otherwise. Yet it seems to be dust enough to obscure the vision of people who have had no opportunity of training their eyes to a true outlook on such matters, and Mr. Brymer's proposal was passed by a majority of the Vestry. St. Mary's, Puddletown, is in imminent risk of shortly finding itself in the long list of ancient buildings whose charm has been obliterated and whose history has been falsified by ignorant and unnecessary tampering.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

III.—NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION.

IN the articles which have already appeared in these columns, we have given a brief account of the island of New Guinea or Papua and of the history of this expedition and its members; also a sketch of the people inhabiting the island and of its

Fauna and Flora as at present known. We will now endeavour to trace the movements of the various members of the expedition and to follow their wanderings, which have already resulted in the tragic death of one of the most skilled naturalists, Mr. Wilfred Stalker, who was drowned in the Mimika River three days after he landed on New Guinea.

The main body of the expedition, including Mr. Walter Goodfellow (the leader), Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston, Captain C. G. Rawling and Dr. Eric Marshall, left for the East in the P. and O. s.s. *Marmora*, which sailed from England on October 20th, 1909, the two other members, Mr. Wilfred Stalker and Mr. G. C. Shortridge, having already preceded them on various missions. Mr. Stalker started in February, 1909, for the Aru Islands to obtain living Birds of Paradise for Sir William Ingram, and having successfully accomplished that task, commenced his work for the expedition, which was primarily to engage carriers for New Guinea. One of the chief obstacles to travelling in that difficult country is the trouble and uncertainty of obtaining the necessary transport, and it was therefore essential that the expedition should be independent of local assistance. It was hoped that the Kei Islanders, a strong and lusty race chiefly employed in the pearl-fishing industry, would supply the necessary labour; but very few of the men seemed willing to go to New Guinea. Mr. Stalker was therefore obliged to seek further afield, and crossed over to the Moluccas,

finally reaching the island of Amboina. There he at length succeeded in obtaining the requisite number of men; but the Amboinese are of poor physique, and only fifty out of one hundred carriers engaged could be retained when they eventually

reached the first camp on the Mimika River. During his visits to these islands Mr. Stalker must have worked with more than his usual zeal, as is shown by the fine zoological collections which have recently arrived in England. The collection from the mountains of Ceram is of especial interest, since, as far as we are aware, no naturalist had previously visited its highlands, and the birds include several new species, which have recently been described. The death of this plucky young collector, who devoted himself heart and soul to the work, is a very serious loss to the expedition.

Mr. Shortridge, who left England in July, made his way as quickly as possible to the central district of South Borneo, where he amassed a considerable zoological collection, consisting chiefly of mammals. Subsequently he crossed to the island of Kangean, at the eastern extremity of Java, and eventually joined the expedition at Batavia in December. When the main body of the expedition arrived at Singapore on November 20th, Mr. Goodfellow found that the monthly boat for Dobo, in the Aru Islands, had sailed two days previously, and a considerable delay might thus have been caused had it not been for the kindness of the Netherlands Government referred to later. Ten picked Gurkhas, including an N.C.O. and nine men, joined the expedition at Singapore. They had been specially engaged as servants and, when necessary, to act as carriers on the higher and colder parts of the mountains. It is hoped that they will also prove valuable as collectors, their natural capabilities and



PRINCESS STEPHANIE'S BIRD OF PARADISE (*Astrarchia stephania*).

Velvety black with a bronze gloss; throat rich metallic green; crown and ear-coverts metallic purple; tail glossed with amethystine.

love of sport rendering them specially fitted for such work.

On arriving at Batavia Mr. Goodfellow called on the Commander-in-Chief and also on General von Darlen, the Chief of the Staff, who had been instructed by his Government to make all arrangements to facilitate the expedition. He confirmed the report already received that the best point for landing on the south coast was undoubtedly the mouth of the Mimika River, where the natives were apparently well disposed towards Europeans. They had informed the Dutch that there were tracks from their villages leading to the Snow Mountains, by which the inland tribes came down to trade with them. In accordance with the generous promises already made by the Netherlands Government to the Committee appointed by the British Ornithologists' Union, an escort consisting of forty Javanese soldiers under Lieutenant Cramer of the General's Staff, two white N.C.O.'s and one man of the Medical Corps was detailed off to accompany the expedition, the Government paying all the expenses of the troops and of the sixty convicts furnished to carry their supplies. General von Darlen also offered the loan of the gunboat of the Indian Marine, the s.s. Nias, to convey the members of the expedition and their baggage, stores, etc., from Batavia to the Mimika River. Needless to say, this generous offer was at once accepted, and it was arranged that the boat should sail on December 21st. On the 23rd it touched at Surabaya, at the east end of Java, and picked up Captain Rawling and Dr. Marshall, who had gone for a trip through the island, as well as the troops and their carriers. The troops brought with them enormous quantities of cargo, including all the timber, matting and other materials required in building houses for the men. The Nias had previously conveyed Dr. Lorentz and all his men to the North River in September, 1909, and the captain of the boat informed Mr. Goodfellow that during the three weeks he remained there the weather had been superb, and the whole Snow range stood out so clearly that it looked almost as though one could "touch the Snows"! The Dutch Government seem to have given Dr. Lorentz an immense amount of help, and provided him with eighty Dyak carriers from Borneo. It was therefore confidently expected that he would reach the Snows before returning in April, at the commencement of the wet season. As we have already stated, a telegram sent home last month conveyed the news that he had been completely successful in his undertaking, and had reached an elevation of about fifteen thousand feet. The amount of interest which is being displayed at the present time in the exploration of New Guinea is extraordinary. Including the British expedition there are no less than seven exploring parties at work



LESSON'S BIRD OF PARADISE (*Diphyllodes seleguensis*).
Crown and back brown; mantle lemon yellow; wings orange; under surface emerald green edged with ultramarine; long tail-feathers green.

in various parts of the Dutch territory. (1) Marking out the frontier inland from Humboldt's Bay. (2) Trying to reach the Snow Mountains from the north, by way of the Amberno River. (3) Travelling from the north shore of the McLuer Gulf to the north coast, and (4) from Fak Fak to the south of Geelvink Bay. (5) The British expedition trying to reach the Snow Mountains by way of the Mimika River, and (6) Dr. Lorentz's expedition to the same range by way of the North River. (7) The expedition up the Digul River. News was received on December 21st that the Amboina party had been blocked by floods, and were unable to proceed any further; but the expedition up the Digul River appears to have been extremely successful, having penetrated many hundreds of miles inland into the very heart of the country, and sighted a new and very high snow-peak, which has been named "Juliana."

It was also announced that the Dutch intended to send a large expedition into British territory to explore the Fly River. The Nias left Surabaya at eight o'clock on Christmas morning, and crossed to Amboina, where they found Mr. Stalker in good health and waiting for them with one hundred and twenty carriers. It had been Mr. Goodfellow's intention to make Dobo, in the Aru Islands, the post from whence communication could be kept up with the

expedition; but it was found that Amboina would be a more convenient spot, and all letters to members of the expedition should in future be addressed to: "Amboina, Moluccas, Dutch East Indies (New Guinea Expedition, Mimika River)." Arrangements have been made to keep up a two-monthly service, and the next boat will probably leave Amboina on May 20th, arriving at the mouth of the Mimika River about three days later.

On leaving Amboina the Nias touched at Dobo, and proceeded thence on January 3rd to the south coast of New Guinea, which was sighted on the following morning. We will now continue the narrative by giving extracts from letters which have been received from Mr. Walter Goodfellow:

Wakatimi, Mimika River
9th January, 1910.

At 5.30 I was up on deck but could see nothing whatever of the land, as everything was wrapped in rain-clouds. Unfortunately during the night

the fine weather had broken up and it was raining in torrents. A little later it cleared somewhat and disclosed a chaos of mountains which proved to be the Charles Louis ranges. These are quite distinct from the range the Dutch call the Snow Mountains. At about 6.30 snowy peaks came into sight for a very short time and also a huge glacier. The peak we saw best proved to be Carstensz. All the morning we continued down the coast with its unbroken line of forest and without a sign of human habitation. About 12 o'clock, when down below, I suddenly heard tremendous shouting and on going on deck found we were passing a number of large



LONG-TAILED BANDICOOT (*Perameles longicauda*).
One of the typical marsupials of New Guinea.

canoes filled with powerful wild-looking men all standing up to paddle with very long oars. Some of the canoes contained as many as 20 men. They had evidently sighted the steamer afar off and had put out some miles to sea to try and intercept her. After this we continued to pass canoes for several hours. At 3 o'clock we anchored off what we supposed to be the Mimika river and Lieut. Cramer and I went off in the launch to the shore towing a boat-load of soldiers behind us. We saw a large village and crowds of natives, but did not land, as we saw it was a bay and not a river. A canoe came alongside and we gathered from the natives that we had passed the Mimika river higher up the coast. On returning to the ship we found that the Captain had allowed a number of natives on board and some of these we took along with us. By dusk we had found our river, but it was too late to go on shore that day. However dozens of large canoes came off all filled with men and we had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of them that night. There is no safe anchorage within less than 3 miles of the shore.

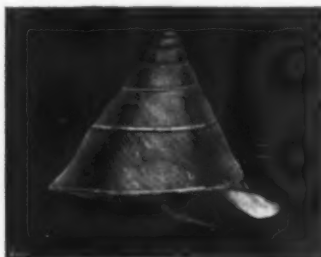
Early the next morning we got another short view of the mountains and saw some immense fields of snow; quite contrary to all expectations the range rises abruptly from the flat country and is incredibly steep. After an early breakfast Lieut. Cramer, Capt. Rawling and I, with the soldiers, went off to see where we could land. We saw villages crowded with natives on the sand-banks on either side of the entrance to the river, but no suitable place for a camp, so we continued on up stream. The Mimika is a very fine sheet of mud-coloured water, quite 300 yards wide at the mouth and widening out still further higher up to perhaps 400 yards in places. Still there was nowhere to land, as both banks were merely mangrove swamps and nothing more. We continued on for 12 miles, when we came to the end of the mangroves and arrived at the village of Wakatimi. Hundreds and hundreds of natives crowded the banks and gave us a most remarkable reception. We landed and walked through the village which was the largest I have yet seen in any part of New Guinea. The people are wild and powerful looking, but quite friendly. We went on up the river three or four miles further and found one more smaller village and finally turned back deciding to form a base camp opposite to Wakatimi, as that was the most suitable place we saw. It was another surprise to find the river navigable for so great a distance considering its comparative nearness to such vast mountains. It seems probable that we shall be able to get close to the base of the mountains by water, for the current is not swift, which shows that it flows for a long way.

After returning to the "Nias" Lieut. Cramer went back to the river with half his soldiers and convicts and 3 boat loads of cargo to start the camp. This



PAPUINA HEDLEYI.

Characteristic land-shells of New Guinea.



PAPUINA NASO.

was on the 5th and we have been unloading ever since and I have now brought up almost all our loads. We have not been able to make more than two journeys a day and on some nights the launch and boats have not been able to get back to the ship at all, but have anchored inside the mouth of the river owing to the heavy swell outside. I came off on the morning of the 6th with Mr. Stalker and the others all followed up yesterday (the 8th).

It is now quite a settlement here covering a large space and we have a

barricade all round to keep out the natives as they at first came over in

hundreds (probably over a thousand

of them) and we could not move about.

We have become very friendly with

them, but it is a pity no one can

understand their language. I feel

sure out of such a mass of strong men

we shall be able to get carriers when

we are ready to move on and shall

also be able to use their big canoes

for going up the river. To-morrow I

am going on ahead with two canoes

to find out how far we can ascend the

stream and where it leads to. Then

we shall probably be able to make

another camp at the base of the moun-

tains. It is a great boon to have got

all our goods landed 12 miles up the

river and to have formed this base-camp at Wakatimi. I cannot tell you how

kind all the Dutch Authorities have been to us and I think the Committee

ought to convey their thanks to the Government of the Netherlands. The

"Nias" is now going back to Dobo to bring over the Amboinese coolies and

more rice, etc.; we could not bring the carriers with us as we were already too

crowded. I hope now we shall not have to keep them long, I shall probably

send some back at once and forfeit their small advance as it will save their

keep in the end.

Jan. 10th 5.30 a.m.

P.S. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Stalker went out alone while I was over at the village seeing about canoes. Of course I never troubled about him until



PAPUAN HEAD-RESTS.

it began to get dusk and now the night has passed and he has not turned up. I fear he has been killed or lost in the jungle. If the latter, I don't see how he could survive the night for it has poured without ceasing. The worst of it is we cannot explain to the natives. I am just adding this by early grey dawn as the launch stopped up here last night and is just going back with the "Nias" to Dobo. Lieut. Cramer does not yet know about Mr. Stalker for on such a night it was impossible to do anything, none of us as yet having any knowledge of the country. I am just off now to see what can be done.

Wakatimi, Mimika River.

Jan. 14th 1910.

The s.s. "Nias" has just returned from Dobo with the coolies and is only staying an hour or two, so I am sending you a few more hurried lines. I am also writing to the Consul in Batavia to cable to you about Mr. Stalker's death. As I told you in my former letter, he was missing on the 9th. I had arranged to go up the river on the 10th, but as he had not turned up that morning I delayed my departure until the 11th, by which time we had given up all hope of finding him, at any rate alive. On the morning of the 12th, while I was away, his body was found by some natives in a creek some way down the river below the camp. He was buried near the camp and this morning the Gurkhas have put a strong fence round the place and a trench. Of course his death is still a mystery. On the afternoon of the 9th, it appears he went out alone taking a .410 gun with him. It was not until about 4 o'clock that anyone noticed his absence, and even then naturally no importance was attached



PAPUAN INSTRUMENTS AND ORNAMENTS.

a. Sugo-spoons, made from bones of cassowaries. b. Earrings. c. Nose-bars. d, e, f, g. Necklaces made of shells. h. Loin-ornament made of shells and seeds.

to it, although it had begun to rain in torrents. It was utterly impossible that night after dark to send anyone out to look for him for no one as yet knew the country surrounding the camp and we cannot make ourselves understood by the natives. It was raining all night, but at 5.30 the next morning Lieut. Cramer went out with a patrol to look for him. They were away a long time and fired shots and shouted but could hear nothing. At 7.30 they returned for a short time and then went out again. In the meantime Mr. Wollaston went down the river in a canoe. Dr. Marshall and Mr. Shortridge and Capt. Rawling were all out and the Gurkhas too, but without any result. During the morning, and after much trouble, we at last made the natives understand and they searched the country on our side and the river all that day. I think he must have lost his way and fallen into the water. It appears he could not swim and he was probably delirious from fever. . . . The whole country is a mass of swamps and creeks in all directions. His death has upset me very much and I feel that it is a real loss to the expedition—how much of a loss we shall never know. He was a genius for work and could really be less spared than anyone. . . . I am not sure yet if we shall get much help from the natives. Our great trouble is not being able to understand their language. Capt. Rawling and I went up the river two days' journey in canoes, and we had the greatest difficulty in getting them to take us on as far as they did. We saw no sign of human habitation higher up, but the river looks as though it went right on into the mountains; probably long before they are reached the country is inhabited by another tribe who do not come down as far as this.



THE LATE MR. WILFRED STALKER.

Born, January 17th, 1879. Drowned in the Mimika River, January 9th, 1910.

Lieut. Cramer is trying to get a steam launch from his Government for use on the river. It is absolutely indispensable. If required to do so I have promised half the monthly cost of running it (£15 for a half share).

We are twelve miles from the mouth of the river and it is necessary to have a launch not only to bring up stores to this camp, but also to transport us and all belongings to the headwaters. It may, however, be at least a month before we can get it, or hear about it, and in the meantime we must do what we can with any canoes we may be able to procure from the natives. Until we have moved up all we require from this camp, one of the party must stop behind, which will retard our work.

The latest news of the expedition is contained in a private letter written by Mr. Wollaston from Wakatimi on January 20th. In this he stated that a second camp had been formed at the base of the mountains and that three members of the expedition had already moved there. Stores were being sent up in canoes as rapidly as possible, but the process was a somewhat slow one. The climate was said to be fairly good, the days being excessively hot, while the early mornings and evenings were fairly cool. Heavy rain fell daily, generally after 5 p.m., but mosquitoes were practically absent. The natives of Wakatimi were described as friendly and pleasant

and in many instances were deeply grateful to Mr. Wollaston for cleaning and properly dressing the fearful sores from which many of them were suffering.

W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE GENERAL POSITION AT THE END OF APRIL.

THERE has been a great change in the position of agriculture since the beginning of March. Work on the land was then in arrear to an extent rarely known, while the two months of generally fine weather which set in at the nick of time has enabled farmers to wrestle with difficulties which were really serious. They have now got in most of the spring corn after double the labour usually bestowed in preparing the soil, and the recent rains, which have been none too heavy, were exactly what was wanted to give the season a good start. Mangolds should be drilled within the next few days, and the turnip land is waiting for the plough. Some of the stubbles on the turnip quarter have never been winter-ploughed. These little troubles, however, will be got over, and meanwhile market prices for nearly everything the farmer has to sell are very satisfactory. The tugs from the turnips have paid handsome profits for feeding. Beef is nearly a penny a pound higher than a year ago. Pigs are remarkably dear. Wool stands firm at a moderately good price, and all dairy produce is selling well. The markets are all right and farmers in good spirits. The weather this spring seems inclined to be seasonable. We had the proverbial wet February, dry March and showery April. Let us hope for the "dry May and dripping June" which, the proverb says, "sets all things in tune."

REVIVING DEMAND FOR CHANNEL ISLAND CATTLE.

The excellent trade for pure-bred cattle this spring is by no means confined to shorthorns. Herefords, Devons and Aberdeens are also enjoying their full share of prosperity, and it is long since there has been such an enquiry for Jerseys and Guernseys. The sale of Lady de Rothschild's herd at Aston Clinton on April 5th was the most interesting event in the Jersey world for several years, and an average of forty-nine pounds two shillings and twopence for fifty head was quite a notable achievement. It was entirely due to the intrinsic excellence of the stock and their striking successes in the show-yard. I fear it cannot be said, however, that the Jersey is increasing in popularity with the British dairy-farmer, and until it does so its sphere must be limited. It is across the Atlantic that the most striking revival is manifested. Our American friends are buying freely, and Jerseys with them seem to be regarded as practical cows for the dairy. It is with Guernseys, however, that they seem to be more especially taken just now. They are buying them wholesale. Two good herds were going to be sold by auction lately in this country; but while arrangements were being made both were sold *en bloc* to American buyers.

EDUCATION ON WHEELS.

The "egg-train" now travelling in Wales has attracted much interest, but this novel mode of imparting information has been adopted in America on a more extensive scale. The Board of Agriculture have given quite a graphic description of the train lectures provided in that country in the April issue of the Journal. It appears that the Railway Company finds the train, which is composed of two cars fitted as lecture-rooms and hung with charts, etc., also a horse and carriage car, which carries three cows. After a lecture of half-an-hour in the train at any station, the door of the horse-car is opened and two Jersey cows are led out on to the platform. The lecturer then says, "Here you see two Jersey cows. Can anyone say off hand which is the better? The first cost ten pounds per annum to feed. She produced eleven pounds ten shillings worth of milk, or eleven pounds fifteen shillings worth of butter-fat; so you had about thirty-five shillings for the pleasure of milking her twice a day. The second cow, another Jersey, is a better producer, and gave nineteen pounds worth of milk. This cow also cost ten pounds per annum to feed, but she showed a much larger profit. We get at the value of these cows by record. Every farmer should keep a record of his cows, the same as every other business man does of his business and manufacturing costs. The record is the only way to get at the value of cows for dairy purposes." Hundreds of farmers are stated to attend these station lectures.

A. T. M.

THE EXPORTATION OF ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE.

In connection with the committee that has been formed to enquire into the conditions affecting the exportation of livestock it is becoming evident that the greatest interest attaches to cattle. Very little difficulty is experienced with horses. Aberdeen-Angus especially have recently been taking a high place as a breed for export, and an authority second to none has given us his views on the subject. He considers, in the first place, that the trade would be very greatly improved, especially with the Argentine, if cattle destined for abroad were officially tested for tuberculosis. He would have this done at some quarantine station on this side, say at Liverpool, and if they succeeded in passing the test there, they should be allowed to go straight into Argentina without any further test on the other side. He considers the present arrangement very unsatisfactory, because the seller knows nothing of the circumstances under which the test is applied at the quarantine station at Buenos Ayres. Another reason is that animals that show reaction are slaughtered, and he considers this a great waste of valuable bovine life. He is a thorough believer in the test, but he holds that the penalty in the case of clinically unsound cattle is too heavy. They should be isolated from non-reacting cattle and not slaughtered. If, on the other hand, the test can be applied on this side of the Atlantic, the bargain would be off and the owner would still be in possession of his beast, though it might be advisable to brand it. Thus the purchaser would not suffer pecuniary damage. At present the cost of ensuring against risk of slaughter on the other side falls on him, and as about thirty per cent. of the animals fail to pass the test, it makes a considerable addition to the already heavy cost of freight and other expenses. He considers it most unfortunate that the Agricultural Department did not take up the question fifteen years ago when the tuberculin test was found to be successful and adopted by foreign countries and the Colonies. They would thereby have avoided a great deal of trouble in connection with the trade with the United States and Canada, and would also have obtained considerable experience as to the state of the pure-bred herds in this country. The whole question would have been clearer to-day if that course had been followed. Our authority does not think the Agricultural Department can do much to help the export trade except in the way we have indicated, and possibly by making the merits of the breed known through the Consulate in other countries. Importers, like other people, are much influenced by fashion.

THE CASE FOR SUGAR BEET.

Very persistent efforts continue to be made in the newspapers to popularise the growing of sugar beet. The failure to do so in the past is very plausibly explained away. Farmers as a rule are a moderately cautious class, and there is no need to urge prudence upon them. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to assume, because under certain conditions the growing of beet sugar was a failure in this country, that it must always continue to be so. An open mind is always desirable. The contentions in favour of resuming the cultivation are that recent experiments conducted by scientific men have shown that it can be grown here easily. Dr. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture holds that it is possible to have too much sunshine for the development of sugar, and Germany, if it has a warmer climate, suffers more from drought. It is assumed that from twelve to twenty tons can be grown per acre, but can this be done profitably? A comparison has been made between the cost of growing beet and that of growing mangolds which comes out in favour of the latter. It is estimated at a little over six pounds per acre for the cultivation of beet, twenty-six shillings for manure in addition to a large quantity of farmyard manure, thirty shillings for rent, rates, and supervision, or a total of eight pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence, which works out at about twelve shillings per ton. What cannot be worked out in figures is the cost of cartage, as that must vary according to the distance from the factory. Again, the factory must fix its charges with some reference to the price of sugar. Dutch manufacturers pay about sixteen and sixpence per ton, so that, allowing for variations of weather, the

farmers' prospects are not very rosy. On the other hand, the soil most suitable for the purpose is the light land of the Eastern and Southern Counties, and the tenants of these counties would be very glad of a root crop that would bring them an income. We do not think that many farmers will go into the details of these calculations; but the only certainty is that if a factory were started farmers would supply it with sugar beet, provided they saw any advantage in doing so. It would be very difficult indeed to convince them on paper that growing beet for sugar would prove remunerative. Evidently the business wants a pioneer—someone with capital and land at his disposal. If the prospects are anything like so good as the optimists make out, such a leader would not only do good to his country, but have the satisfaction of making a fortune himself, and that is by far the best object-lesson that can be given. If one man succeeds a hundred will follow in his footsteps. But, obviously, the work is of a kind that is more likely to be profitable under personal supervision than in any other way, and we feel some doubt as to the advisability of entrusting this development to a company.

COLONIAL NOTES.

FRUIT-FARMING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By ECONOMIST.

THIS article deals with fruit-growing in the Lower Country of British Columbia, by which term the writer would include the New Westminster District, the Southern part of Vancouver Island and the islands in the Gulf of Georgia. Let it be understood "right here" that this part of British Columbia is not considered by any means the best part of the country for the purpose; but from the point of view of a retired naval or military officer or other Government servant, it will be found an ideal climate; while in districts near Vancouver or New Westminster, both social and other surroundings approximate much more nearly to those in England than they do in the Upper Country. The annual rainfall at New Westminster is 59.73 in. This is greater than most parts of England; but it must be remembered that the greater part of this falls in the winter months, that it rains very heavily when it does rain; still, that taken on the whole, one does not notice the rain any more in British Columbia than in England, even in the winter. Writing without detailed statistics, but quoting the experience of most Englishmen I have talked to who have lived in the Lower Country, an Englishman will find these downpours of rain, followed by stretches of bright, fair weather, much less trying than the damp, drizzling days of an English winter. The winters are much on a par with England. Generally one gets three or four weeks of frost with snow enough for sleighing; more than this is rare, and a temperature of zero is uncommon. The summers are longer, a trifle warmer and drier than in England. The skies are as blue as any that Italy can boast of; the heat is never excessive, the nights are always cool, and the whole country up to the Coast Range has distinctly a maritime climate. Land can be purchased, according to the Official Bulletin No. 10 (published by the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia), at the following prices: Improved land at from fifteen to twenty dollars per acre, and reclaimed (dyked) land from forty to one hundred dollars; but it must be remembered that in a country, the surface of which is so varied as that of British Columbia, there are always choice little spots to be found, quite apart from dyked land, that will command and be well worth the highest figures mentioned above. Those who wish to take up Government land will do well to consult the handbook just quoted. To go fully into this matter would occupy too much space. One thing, however, must be borne in mind, and that is, never to buy timbered land. No Englishman can clear land of such timber as British Columbia produces, and if one hires labour, it will cost more to take out two or three large cedar or fir stumps than it will to buy an acre of land. It will be well in considering the cost of an orchard to quote once more from Bulletin No. 10. This says:

"MAKING AN ORCHARD.

The setting out and care of an orchard until it becomes a source of profit requires considerable outlay of cash and personal exertion, but the results after a few years furnish ample compensation. The cost of setting out twenty acres of apple trees in British Columbia is about as follows:

Twenty acres, at \$125 an acre	\$2,500.00
Fencing	200.00
Preparing land	100.00
Trees (968) at 12½ cents each	121.00
Freight, etc.	20.00
Setting out, at 5 cents each	48.40
	<hr/>
	\$2,969.40

Root crops and small fruits, planted between the trees for the first year or two, and red clover up to the fifth year, should more than pay for the trees; but many fruit-growers deprecate this practice, preferring to devote the whole strength of the soil to the young trees. The fourth year the trees should produce some fruit, probably one hundred

dollars' worth. The cost of maintenance for five years, with the original cost and interest, would amount to five thousand three hundred and thirty-six dollars twenty-two cents, or two hundred and sixty-six dollars eighty-one cents per acre, less the value of fruit produced. In the sixth year the orchard should produce eight hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fruit, in the seventh three thousand two hundred dollars, and in the ninth five thousand eight hundred dollars, after which it should pay a net annual profit of one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, an assured income for life of two thousand five hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a year." Do not forget one thing in regard to these profits. There are no Trusts in Canada to swallow up the fruits of the small man's labour. Small fruits grow to perfection. The salmon-berry that grows wild all over this district is of itself no mean fruit; while huckleberries and several kinds of small fruit allied to the gooseberry are found growing wild. The garden, one of the greatest rewards and pleasures of a country life, will be found to flourish beyond all expectation in this country where everything grows so luxuriantly, both flowers and vegetables attaining to great size and perfection.

DUTCH AND ENGLISH.

The dispute that is going on in South Africa about the language to be taught in the schools is greatly to be deplored. It is only a version of a controversy that in other forms has become familiar. There was a time when the inhabitants of the Scottish Highlands clamoured for Gaelic in the schools, or at least those who constituted themselves their spokesmen did so. There are enthusiasts, too, who would have nothing but Welsh taught in Welsh schools, and we are all familiar with the same sort of argument applied to Ireland. Now where national sentiment is strong, it is certainly a mistake to crush it by forcing the young people to acquire a language foreign to them. Moreover, it is almost an impossible task. When the Normans came over to this country, they tried to suppress the Saxon language; but the Saxon element proved so strong that it engulfed the Norman, and the Anglo-Saxon language became that of the nation. We have found that those who send their children to school usually take a very practical view of the question. They say that most of their bargainings and other business have to be conducted in English because it is the prevailing tongue, and those who do not know it, therefore, are at a great disadvantage. Mr. Botha has a great deal of common-sense on his side when he argues that Dutch should not be neglected, but English should be also very carefully taught. The latter is certain to prove the most useful language to the young people when they go out into the world.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

On Saturday last a party of emigrants left England for Prince Edward's Island. Its character affords much material for thought. Its members represented the very flower of English country people. The party was composed partly of farmers and partly of farm labourers. The former numbered fifty or sixty men who possessed on an average a capital of five hundred pounds apiece, and who were prepared, therefore, to take up some of the improved farms of the province, those which are adapted to mixed farming, dairying and stock-raising. The labourers, too, were possessed of capital to the extent on an average of one hundred pounds each, and it may be presumed that their object also was to get hold of some land. Canada is to be congratulated on receiving such very favourable additions to her population, as these men have proved by their lives that they possess the qualities that go to make good citizens—thrift, industry and so forth. But the reflection is unavoidable that what Canada has gained this country has lost. The type of man that we can best spare does not come from the rural districts, but from the towns. On the other hand, the Colonies have had good reason to complain about some of the human material we have sent them. There was a time when it was thought that every man who was good for nothing else was at least good enough to be shipped off to the Colonies, and this was not right. Young countries demand for their development that the inhabitants should be strong, vigorous, the very flower of the population; not otherwise is it possible to lay the foundations of a great and vigorous race. Perhaps the best emigrants are children of very tender years, who may be brought up in the Dominion and come to look upon it as their true home. Mrs. Close, than whom there is no one qualified to speak with more authority, gives it as her opinion that children should be taken at a very young age, as otherwise they get contaminated with the vicious surroundings of their homes. Even at four some of the precocious imps have learned much more wickedness than ought to be known by their elder brothers and sisters. The only plan is to take them from infancy, and in making a selection the very greatest importance ought to be attached to physical fitness. Now that schools are brought under a careful system of medical inspection, it must be much easier to select the fit.

*W. G. Meredith.**"TASTE HAD WOVEN ITS ARMS OF VINES."*

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SAVAGE AND THE AIR-GUN.

BY

JOHN BARNETT.



THE SAVAGE was home for his summer holidays. He was ten years of age, and, despite his white skin and English blood, he was still at heart a simple barbarian. He had the good qualities of the natural savage—his courage, his generosity and his simplicity—and, in addition, he had his faults. It is possible that these last may reveal themselves in this, to a humanitarian, slightly painful tale.

It all began when, to use his own words, "Uncle Marmaduke weighed in with half-a-quid." This act in itself hugely surprised the Savage. According to his own experience it was not in the least characteristic of his uncle. But he recalled what he had heard his father say at breakfast, with reference to one of those politicians whose doings and sayings the Savage found so tiresome—"that even in the most abandoned natures you may sometimes find one tiny gleam of good." The Savage could not help feeling that the remark described the present situation to a nicety. For in his own private, barbaric mind he had always regarded his Uncle Marmaduke's nature as a particularly abandoned one. That gentleman was rolling in money, and the Savage was modestly convinced that he himself had always tried to behave to him as a nephew should, and to be a credit to him whenever possible, but he could never remember receiving an avuncular tip before. His gifts had always taken the shape of books. Not real books, according to the peculiar taste of the Savage, not the sort that made him want to take a gun and a bowie knife and sally forth against Red Indians or other criminal races; not that kind at all. Rather were they what the Savage called "hideous, muffling school-books," about gentle but manly boys who gathered their school-fellows round them and tried to uplift their minds. (Uncle Marmaduke's taste in juvenile literature appears to have been an unfortunate anachronism.) The Savage had always longed to see one of those gentle but manly boys starting to work upon a certain hardened gentleman of his acquaintance, named Stephenson Major, at Old Huggins's, where they were both receiving something painfully orthodox in the shape of an education. He had always felt that it would be a cheerful, enlivening sort of performance—except for the gentle but manly boy. But he was convinced it would do a lot of good to what was left of *him*. However, he had never had the luck to meet one of them in the flesh.

But handsome is as handsome does. The Savage always tried to be just, and he felt that his Uncle Marmaduke's half-sovereign made up for many of his faults. He decided to try to take what his father called "a broader view" about him, and he began very gradually to break himself of calling his relation "Uncle Marmalade." This act of reparation did not come easily to the Savage. He was not surprised that his relative did not "just slip the half-quid into his hand without more fuss," as a right-minded uncle should. He knew that his uncle was not a silent man, and would consider such a method a wasted opportunity. As a fact, he called his nephew to him in the drawing-room before dinner and spoke for, roughly, ten minutes before he came to business or succeeded in the least in enchainning the attention of the Savage. He began by speaking about "the formation of a young boy's character," and from that he seemed to drift quite naturally into a longish sketch of his own career. The Savage, who was distinctly restless, found this decidedly tiresome; but I gathered that the narrator seemed to revel in the subject. However, at last he told the Savage crossly not to shuffle with his feet, and became more interesting.

"A boy should be accustomed gradually to the care of money," he said, and the Savage wondered what the dickens

his relative was driving at. "Let him learn its value, and then perhaps he will be less wasteful when he comes to handle it. Now, I am going to give you a handsome present"—the Savage glared at him in awful and obvious wonder at this point—"and it will rest with you to make good use of it. Here is half-a-sovereign, a coin that I had hardly seen at your age. I may suggest that you should buy something really useful with a portion of it, and keep the rest for a future date. But that is only my suggestion. It rests with you entirely to prove yourself worthy of my liberality."

Well, as the Savage remarked to me in telling the story, no man could have spoken more fairly. He thanked his uncle for the present, as a grateful nephew should, and next morning as ever was he went out with studied secrecy and bought that air-gun. He had had his eye upon the piece for quite a while, but it had always been rather beyond his means. During the holidays his father seemed to believe in fairly frequent doles rather than lump sums. The Savage, for his part, did not believe in this method. He conceived that it rather destroyed a fellow's self-respect to have to be always asking.

However, the weapon was in his hands at last, and it seemed at the moment to the Savage that even his Uncle Marmaduke might have been satisfied with his investment if he had known how jolly pleased his nephew was as he smuggled it home. It was a breech-loader, and, as the Savage examined it, he felt that science had not stood still since the days of Old Rube in "The Scalp Hunters." It showed, he remarked to me, that there was much good in an air-gun if it made a fellow of his age have a thought like that. He was sure that he could discharge three slugs while Old Rube would have been messing about with his wad and powder-flask and bullet. He would have liked to point out all this to his uncle, but he felt instinctively that that gentleman would have scarcely understood. However, it was silly to gloat over the piece in his bedroom while the sun was shining in the garden. So the Savage slipped a few slugs into the pocket of his breeches, did a little scouting to see that the coast was clear, and got into the open air without trouble from any foolish grown-up people. He reached the shrubbery by one of the side paths, and crept upon his stomach to the fringe of the trees to see if a moose or anything of that sort was grazing upon the croquet lawn. And, by Jehoshaphat, as Old Rube used to say, he could have whooped aloud for joy at what he saw! For there before him was a chance, a splendid chance, of big game and revenge.

Triphenia, the great Persian cat, was lying upon the lawn licking her fierce and greedy lips, and showing plainly her white and terrible teeth for all the world like any panther of the jungle. She was a blood enemy to the Savage, as he explained to me with real grief and anger. In the Easter holidays he had brought home a young bull-terrier, named Tim, that had been given him by a friendly keeper. (And what Tim had suffered at the school, concealed for days in an insufficiently ventilated hatbox, may only be imagined.) The Savage always called Tim a bull-terrier, because he fancied that he "liked to consider himself one, but as a matter of cold, unsympathetic fact, you could trace quite seven breeds in him. Still, I am assured, he was a most lovable dog. All would have gone well, and he would have been roaming the trackless shrubbery in a leash beside his master at that very moment, if he had not developed a certain dislike for the smug and furred Triphenia. He did more than that, a good deal more; but, said the Savage, she provoked him. Anyway, when she had been rescued with some little difficulty and her wounds dressed—"They were nothing to make such a fuss about!"

the Savage told me, indignantly. "What is an ear and a little fur to a great, healthy cat, after all?"—Tim's owner was told that Tim would have to go or die. It was enough to break a fellow's heart, but, like Umslopogaas and his axe, the Savage felt that Tim and he had been through too much together for him to find another master. (Tim was not consulted, but one can only trust that he would have been in agreement with this touching theory if the case could have been presented to him.) And so the Savage drowned him in the pond with his own hands, and could but hope that the business was less painful for Tim than it appeared to be. For it seems that he died very hard and took a longish time about it.

Well, there was Triphenia, who had caused all this suffering, upon the lawn, and there was the Savage at the edge of the shrubbery. She had always avoided him since Tim's murder, which seemed to prove to him that cats have some little notion of remorse and are not entirely bad. But it is not enough for a great criminal to be merely remorseful. The piece was loaded, but the hands of the Savage were trembling so violently with excitement that he had to wait. In a minute they became like steel, and slowly, inch by inch, lest the leaves should rustle, he raised the weapon to his shoulder. He would, of course, have preferred to bag his game while running, but he was by no means sure that he could do so, and besides, he was there for blood. He tells me that he seemed to see Tim drowning as he drew a long and steady bead and slowly pressed the trigger. He saw a bunch of fur fly from Triphenia's back as she sprang six feet into the air with an angry squawk and fled; he realised that the piece had thrown high, that he had only barked her, and then he had something else to think about. For from the bushes beyond the croquet lawn there rose an awful sound, the sound of a strong man in hideous pain and making no sort of effort to conceal it.

It is probable that the Savage will not forget for some little time the moment in which he knew that he had wounded, perhaps killed, a human being. He had visions of the gallows, horrid visions, and yet there was a sort of triumph at the back of his mind. For, as he said, it is an impressive moment when you are within a measurable distance of your first scalp. In a little while he recognised the voice of the wounded, perhaps murdered, man. It belonged to Peters, the under-gardener, but he had never heard him use the curious words that he was using then. They were ugly-sounding words. The Savage perceived at once that there were three things that he might do. He might go up to Peters and confess his fault, like one of those gentle but manly boys; or he might disappear into the glades of the forest behind him and trust to Providence; or he might make a circle through the bushes and try to find out if Peters knew what had struck him. The last of these three courses commended itself to the Savage, for he had dim hopes that the poor man might imagine he had been stung by a giant hornet. And no one can afford to throw away a chance.

He came near to Peters unperceived, after a masterly stalk, and found that he had been digging a bed upon the other side of the lawn. But he was not digging now. He was sitting upon the ground, muttering to himself quite hideously and rubbing his leg very tenderly. The Savage had never heard a man make such a fuss about a comparative trifle before. Why, he told me, when Stephenson Major was publicly licked at school he scored off Old Huggins frightfully by refusing to let him wring a cry or tear from him. But, he added, that was probably a matter of higher education. His hopes were rising, for Peters' remarks, although very earnest, seemed to be quite vague; but even as the Savage watched, the man picked up a partly-flattened slug from the ground and looked at it with bulging eyes. The Savage saw then that the game was up, and came out of the bushes to his victim.

I have never been told exactly what Peters said. But apparently he entirely forgot his respect for the son of his employer. He was bent at first upon leading the Savage by the collar to his father's study and "seeing that he got well warmed for his mischievousness." The Savage tried to point out to Peters that an under-gardener, even a wounded under-gardener, ought not to speak like that to a gentleman, but he would not listen. It is difficult to convince a man who is speaking in a high, shrill, sustained scream. But the Savage was patient with him and he quieted down at last. "He didn't want no bribes, but perhaps five bob might make him forget the sting like."

The Savage saw with regret that the man would have to have the money, although it would mean borrowing from his sister Dorothy, who is years his senior and has a dress allowance that makes his mouth water. So the matter was settled like that, and the Savage contrived to get the five shillings without confession, in spite of the fact that Dorothy, "like most women, made a fearful fuss and was beastly inquisitive." The incident has left the Savage with very little respect for the man Peters.

However, he still had the piece, which was the main thing, and he heard that evening that they were going for three weeks to Dieppe in France. He did not mind much if they were; indeed, he was rather pleased than otherwise, for a fellow at school had told him that the "grub" in France was well worth trying, but he saw at once that the piece would have to be taken. For he had always been rather doubtful, true savage that he is, of the talk about the *Entente Cordiale*, and he held that it was the duty of an Englishman to make himself respected by all foreigners. But the difficulty was to smuggle the weapon across without his people knowing and taking it away. Yet he managed it with characteristic barbaric ingenuity. He opened one of his sister Dorothy's trunks after she had finished packing and hid the piece among her summer dresses. It travelled there quite comfortably, as he put it to me, rolled up callously in a white lace sort of garment to prevent it being jarred on the journey, and he was able to get it out at Dieppe without detection. It is true, as he added, that Dorothy was very sick about the state of one of her dresses, but she had plenty of others, and she did not know what had done it, and the Savage had heard his father say that in law no one is bound to incriminate himself. Besides, his confession would not have done the dress any good, if it *was* a dress that he had used. You have got to look at a question from all sides.

The Savage was soon glad enough that he had brought the piece, at whatever cost. For in the hotel there was a French fellow of about his own age "who really was too awful for mere words." He was habitually dressed in a sort of black sailor suit, and he wore patent leather shoes and low socks that left his plump calves quite bare. "Any mere kid in England," snorted the Savage, "would have been ashamed to be dressed like that, and would have tried to hide himself, but this thing had the airs of a man of thirty!" He tried to chum up to me in a patronising sort of way, but I soon sickened him of that. It was awful and maddening to watch him talking to silly grown-up people, who ought to have had the sense to snub him instead of encouraging the creature. "Rather a precocious boy," I heard the mater say about him. I am not dead sure what 'precocious' means, but I am certain that he was all that, and a good deal more."

I think I shall let the Savage finish the story in his own words, trying to set it down exactly as he told it to me in his own magnificently simple way. It is an immoral story altogether, and I should like to make it plain that I personally have no sympathy with it. But, after all, due punishment appears to have been meted out to the offender.

"... Somehow those bare white calves of his fascinated me from the first. I dreamed one night that I was drawing a steady bead upon them with the piece. I woke up as the sun was rising, and wondered what would be done to me if my dream came true. You never know what the law may do in these poor foreign countries; but I wasn't such a coward as to be stopped from my duty by a little thing like that. I fell asleep again with my mind almost made up.

"And something happened late on the afternoon of that very day which decided me. I accidentally overheard that French monkey speaking of me in a pitying sort of way, and calling me 'un barbare,' or something like that. I didn't mind one bit what he thought of me, of course, but it was the insult to England that I resented. I knew he wouldn't fight without a fuss, but I thought that I might be able to sting him into it. Anyway, he was bigger than me, and it would be a kind of protest against a fellow of his age appearing in socks.

"That very evening, as he was walking alone in the hotel garden, I was crouching with the piece among the bushes. He passed me, and I let him get well away. I only wanted to touch him up, and then I would rush out and challenge him to battle. It was a great moment as I levelled the piece and aimed where his white calves gleamed through the twilight. It was a long shot, and I almost feared that I should miss. I pressed the trigger—!

"I once was present when a pig was ringed, and heard him complaining loudly about the business; I once listened, as I told you, to the language of an excited under-gardener; but never, never have I heard an animal or human being scream as that French boy screamed when he felt the slug. And it was quite a long shot, too. I had given him every chance. It could not really have hurt him very much. I had sprung up among the bushes and would have challenged him, but he tore past me with his head thrown back and made for the hotel, yelling like a thousand healthy pigs joined into one. I can tell you it was a frightening yell to listen to, knowing that you had caused it! I thought at first of hiding or bolting, but then I remembered that these poor people were French and I was English. So I stood where I was and listened to that French boy's howls. People heard him far away in the streets and hurried towards the sound; all the hotel people heard

him and met him as he rushed towards the house ; they gathered round him, his mother clasped him in her arms, they gave him brandy and listened to his story. And when they had heard it they came to look for me.

"I suppose the pater was practically compelled, by the feeling in the hotel, to do what he did to me. I don't bear any malice against him now, and, anyway, he's quite an amateur compared to Old Huggins. Of course, he hasn't had the constant practice. But I *do* regret about the piece. It seemed such a waste to let those excited French people break it up and stamp on the remains. Still, I had managed to get a good deal of valuable work out of it. That is about all that happened, except that Uncle Marmaduke is coming to the house to-night. I suppose he will be full of worrying questions about what I did with that wretched half-sovereign. I sometimes think that relations are a bit of a nuisance."

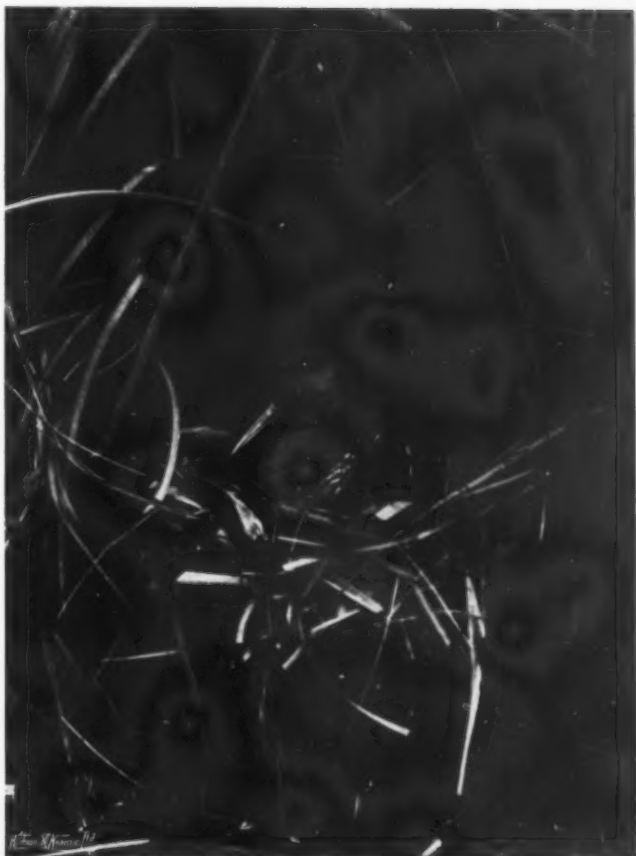
AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE WATER-RAIL.

I HAD the water-rail (*Rallus aquaticus*) figured here under observation for a month, as I was particularly anxious to secure photographs of the young when fledged. Perhaps the most astonishing fact with regard to this particular bird is that she *did* hatch off her brood, because both Mr. Farren and I so subjected her to the ordeal by camera



E. L. Turner. RAIL CHIPPING SHELL. Copyright.

that I do not know how long we kept her from the nest between us, but I can answer for three hours on June 16th and again on the 21st. On June 27th two of the seven eggs showed signs of breaking, and early on the morning of the 28th I went again, hoping to find the chicks out, and to secure a photograph of them before they slipped away. However, the female was still brooding, but over five eggs only. Her whole attitude showed intense nervous excitement, which apparently had nothing to do with the proximity of my camera. Almost as soon as I was ready for her the bird came running back to her nest ; not with doubtful hesitancy, as on previous occasions, but with an entirely self-absorbed business-like air. During the whole of the first two hours while I was watching she incessantly uttered a curious "purring" noise, exactly like the sound



E. L. Turner. RAIL BROODING CONTENTEDLY. Copyright.

a contented, happy squirrel makes when it comes to be petted. This sound seemed to be ventral, and not guttural, for there was absolutely no movement of the throat, only a continuous slight jerking of the tail. Whether running to the nest or brooding, this "purring" was unceasing, except when now and again she gave forth the usual "sharming" call-note, which her mate would respond to, either by "sharming" or "groaning" whenever he came near ; the male bird also "purred."



E. L. Turner. REMOVING FIRST YOUNG. Copyright.



E. L. Turner.

HOLDING THE CHICK BY ITS HEAD.

Copyright.

Twice he fed the hen on the nest, but from behind, so that, owing to the thick tangle of weeds, I was unable to secure a photograph of the two together. I also heard a faint "cheep, cheep," which led me to suppose he had with him the first newly hatched chick, though I did not actually see them. Once the male changed places with the female and settled down to brood, but the sharp rattle of my shutter drove him away. I should not have known any difference between the two birds had they not changed places under my eye, when, by a closer observation of the male, I noticed that his bill was considerably larger and the upper mandible a much brighter red than that of the female.

The moment her mate fled the female returned, and, seizing one of the already chipped eggs, she enlarged the hole, as shown in the first photograph, and then contentedly settled down, purring and jerking her tail all the time. I wish to call particular attention to the next photograph, which shows the hen brooding contentedly, a position she maintained for an hour while I watched; because it seems to me that my presence was not sufficient to account for her subsequent extraordinary behaviour. As a rule the water-rail is one of the most wary of sitters, more keenly alert and sensitive to the slightest sound than any bird I know; but on this occasion she more than once allowed me to change my plate without disturbing herself.



E. L. Turner.

HAS CHICK BY SHOULDER, SHELL AND ALL.

Copyright.

in the slightest. The nervous excitement she did display was purely maternal; wrapped in her own meditation, she seemed lost to outside influences. As for me, I was keenly interested, and not willing to disturb her; however, seeing the keeper, James Vincent, approaching at the end of the appointed two hours, I dropped the shutter. The rail did not move till foot-steps approached. I asked Vincent to examine the eggs and report progress. Two of the young were out, and he removed the broken shells. Then the excitement began. The female returned, stood on tip-toe, peeped into the nest, and quick as thought seized one youngster by the neck and carried him off. So rapid and unexpected was this manœuvre that I had barely time to secure my picture; but the attitude in which she is caught shows to advantage the real elegance of the water-rail, for on the nest she fluffs herself out and looks twice her natural size, whereas she is really slim and dainty. No sooner had I changed my plate than she was back again, and this time seized the second unfortunate and bedraggled-looking chick by the head and whisked him off. She then returned for the third, not yet out of the shell, and, seizing him by the shoulder, removed him shell and all, and the fourth also in like manner. There remained only one addled egg; but though this formed a very difficult task, after several unsuccessful efforts she succeeded in getting a firm grasp of it and disappeared. All the last five photographs were taken in less than ten minutes.

After this the bird returned twice and just peeped into the nest, and, thus apparently satisfied as to its emptiness, we saw her no more. We diligently searched the reeds for the missing birds, but found only the addled egg, some eight feet away, and one half-fledged chick that must have been in the water many hours, evidently one of those removed from the nest on June 27th. We replaced the egg, covered up the nest, and went away, hoping that, like the great crested grebe and coot, the water-rail would bring back her young to the old home for a day or two; but on the 29th the nest was wet and cold—evidently there had been no return; and though we made a long search in its vicinity, no trace of the birds, old or young, could be found. I can give no explanation of the cause of this behaviour on the part of my water-rail, and do not know whether it is ordinary or extraordinary. The fact that two young ones disappeared before the 28th seems to show that these birds are in the habit of removing their newly hatched or partly fledged young. This is a story without an ending, because so far we have failed to discover the whereabouts of the missing



E. L. Turner.

THE WHOLE EGG IN HER BILL.

Copyright

birds. Perhaps another season, by carefully watching and not attempting to photograph the water-rail, some further light may be thrown upon this very interesting point. For, after all, this bird is my *totem*, and ought to reveal her secrets to me.

E. L. TURNER.

IN THE GARDEN.

PRIMROSES AND POLYANTHUSES IN THE FLOWER GARDEN AND WOODLAND.

SINCE the development of the Primrose into the bunch form, a blending of Primrose and Polyanthus, this beautiful, sweet-smelling flower has been used, and rightly so, in garden and woodland. Perhaps the first to bring forward the possibilities of the bunch-flowered or Polyanthus forms was Miss Jekyll, in whose garden at Munstead Wood a clearing has been made for this type alone. It is a pleasant scene, this cloud of flowers in the cool light of a spring evening, the colours deepening as the shadows grow darker and a soft fragrance scenting the air from a thousand vigorous tufts. A Primrose garden it is called in "Wood and Garden," a "big place by itself," as the author explains; "a clearing half shaded by Oak, Chestnut and Hazel. I always think of the Hazel as a kind nurse to Primroses; in the copses they generally grow together, and the finest Primrose plants are often nestled close in to the base of the Nut stool. Three paths run through the Primrose garden, mere narrow tracks between the beds, converging at both ends, something like the lines of longitude on a globe, the ground widening in the middle where there are two good-sized Oaks, and coming to a blunt point at each end, the only other planting near to it being the other long-shaped strips of Lily of the Valley."

I have often had the privilege of seeing this Primrose garden, and never without a sense of satisfaction that the flower has been raised to almost perfection in growth, colour and abundant blooming. It is not only for such a place as I have indicated, but for flower-beds of ambitious design, such as are in the beautiful spring garden at Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, and in places open to the public, the beds in the gardens surrounding Hampton Court Palace always presenting a solid mass of bloom. One great point is to maintain a high standard, weeding out any variety that shows a backward tendency, and only in this way are the size, colour and strength of growth maintained. This is true also of the so-called coloured Primroses, and in this case a rigid elimination of inferior varieties is the more necessary to prevent any development of the purple and magenta



E. L. Turner.

THE RAIL TURNING AWAY WITH EGG.

Copyright.

shades which spoil the whole race. I have found that the first duty when the seedling Primroses open in the place reserved for them is to "rogue"—to use a common gardening expression—i.e., removing any plant that does not approach a certain fixed standard. There is nothing artificial or unnatural in this watchfulness. No matter whether the flower is a Chinese Primula, an Auricula, or anything else, seedlings are not of the same even, so to say, quality, and once inferiority creeps in, the whole group deteriorates rapidly.

I have been enjoying rambles in some of the parks lately, and noticed in more than one case poor varieties among those of conspicuous beauty.

This is not as it should be, and what is possible at Munstead should be possible elsewhere. Strong yellows, clear whites and the primrose shades seen in such a variety as Evelyn Arkwright are the most welcome for beds, the flower-stems rising up straight and strong to give effect in the garden; and in the case of the named forms it is necessary to raise the plants by dividing the tufts after the season is over. Mr. Anthony Waterer raised by selection a race of red colourings, and these are delightful in the garden, giving a warm contrast to the tender shades of the bunch type, while they take the character of the Primrose of the copse. It is when washed-out lilacs, magentas and colours that are not fine selfs are allowed to poison the true stock that one wishes the plants anywhere but in the garden.

A question was sent to me recently asking for the best places to put the double and the blue Primroses. These are certainly not for flower-beds, but for some ditchside, the fringe of a moist woodland, or at the foot of moss-covered stones in the rock garden. Moisture and coolness at the roots they must have to bring out not only their growth, but the colouring of the flowers, which is lost when exposed to the full sun. One reason of the success of the blue and other Primroses in the garden of the late Mr. G. F. Wilson at Wisley, now in the hands of the Royal Horticultural Society, was the place chosen for them, at the base of stones in a moist soil and cool surroundings. The double Primroses are exasperatingly capricious, sometimes a success, more often a failure; but wherever they are grown, the conditions suggested must be followed, especially when one has the deep crimson to coax into behaving respectably. The Primrose for the woodland is the Primrose of Japan (*Primula japonica*). It revels in moist soil and partial shade. The flowers are as varied in colour as the most fastidious could wish—crimson, white, with perhaps a citron-coloured centre, and many other shades set on strong stems and opening for some weeks. As the years go by it will be found that the plants have become in a sense naturalised, seedlings springing up sometimes in places where they are not wanted. The Primroses are flowers to play a great part in spring gardening and in the woodland. Early June is the season to sow seeds, either in shallow pans filled with good soil and placed under glass, or in a well-prepared piece of ground in the open. I prefer the former because it is safer. Obtain the seed from the best sources to ensure as many beautiful forms as possible, and never forget the "roguing." E. T. COOK.

A WONDERFUL POLYANTHUS.

THE illustration represents a most interesting instance of profusion of flowers on the Polyanthus. Our correspondent, Dr. McWatt, Morelands, Duns, writes: "I am sending you a photograph of a Polyanthus, light yellow in colour, and the plant I lifted from the open ground recently. It has been unprotected and exposed to all weathers, is about two feet in diameter and, as you will see, smothered with flowers. It is the most remarkable free-flowering Polyanthus I have ever seen."

THE "NEW" VEGETABLE.

A "new" vegetable has been recently described and illustrated, under the name of *Oxalis esculenta*, roots of which were exhibited in Paris in 1908 under this designation. It was alleged that they were superior in flavour to those of *O. Deppei*, but experts considered they were the same thing as the

one in cultivation under the latter name. This being so—and it is in Paris that the vegetable is considered a luxury—it is quite unlikely that there will be any great chance of its being cultivated in this country, since the tubers are made late in the year. There is, therefore, great danger of frost damaging them before they have reached a size that will make them of any use. C.

THE SIBERIAN LUNGWORT.

One of the prettiest hardy plants that we have for the wild garden, and it is equally certain that it is one of the most neglected, is known under the name of *Mertensia sibirica*. This plant finds a home in Northern gardens more extensively than it does in those of the South. It should be planted in masses to obtain the best effect. When so planted, its cobalt blue and rather

bell-shaped pendulous blossoms delight one in late spring or early summer, the glaucous green foliage being in delicate contrast to the flowers. It will grow well in a shady position, and if the soil is moist, so much the better. Those who appreciate uncommon plants in the wild garden or in the shady corners of the herbaceous border should think of the Siberian Lungwort. H.

JASMINUM PRIMULINUM.

When first introduced this Jasmine was regarded as a most promising wall plant, and considered likely in this respect to prove a rival to *Jasminum nudiflorum* itself. Viewed from this standpoint it has, however, proved to be somewhat of a disappointment, for except in the especially favourable parts of these islands it has turned out in most winters to be too tender to give us its wealth of golden blossoms. As a set off it is, however,

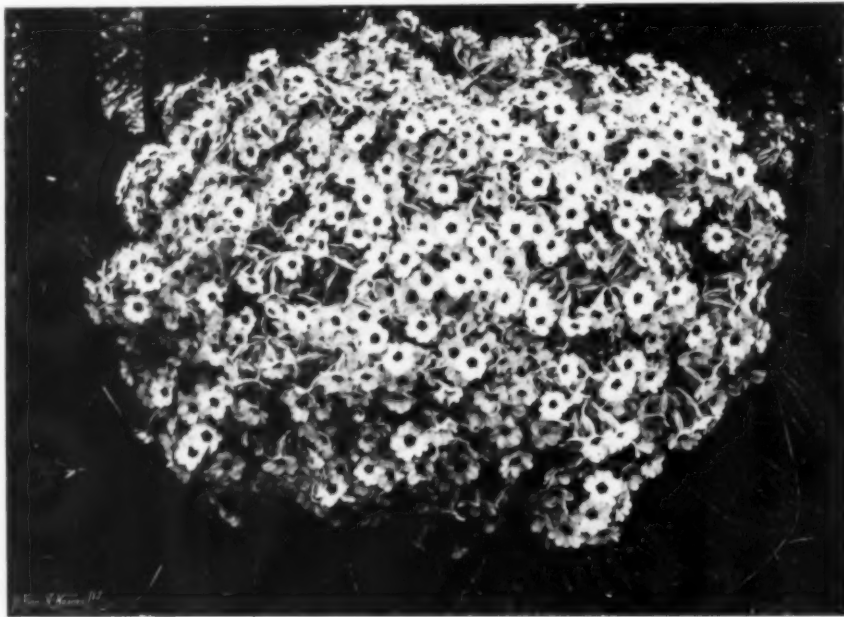
exceedingly valuable for flowering under glass in the early months of the year, and for this purpose it is now very generally employed. It can be increased readily by means of cuttings put in during the summer and early autumn months, and the plants so obtained grow away freely and soon form good-sized specimens. Perhaps the most effective way to treat them when they are required for greenhouse decoration is to secure the main stem or stems to a good stake, and allow the secondary branches to dispose themselves at will in a loose and pleasing manner. Grown in good-sized pots, and treated in this way, the plants should, during the summer, be plunged up to their rims in the open ground. At that season they must be well supplied with water, an occasional dose of liquid manure being very beneficial. Under such treatment the wood will be well ripened and the plants prove very valuable for greenhouse or conservatory decoration at a time when flowers are scarce. After being out-of-doors all the summer they should, as autumn advances, be taken into a cool house, removing them into the warmth of the greenhouse later on.

RABBIT WARRENS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

By A HEAD-KEEPER.

CONSIDERING the immense quantities of foreign and Colonial rabbits which find their way to our markets, no doubt need exist that a well-managed rabbit warren can be made to pay. Whatever the number of consignments, the "bunnies" are sold at the wholesale markets, although a glut occurs sometimes, of course. On the whole, rabbit-flesh is sure to find customers; it is cheap, nutritious, recommended by the faculty for invalids, for broths, and rabbit cream takes a goodly number in its preparation. Ostend rabbits are suggestive of cats, at least to country people, and when a gamekeeper visits a large town the rabbits which hang outside the poulterers' shops look very different animals from the clean-killed ones which he is accustomed to handle. The writer has often heard, and seen in the sporting papers, queries as to whether a warren pays. It does, and pays well, if the lessee, or owner, will look after it himself.

It is when a man or men are hired, and the labour bill has to be added to the account, that profits are lessened. Taken it as proven that rabbits are saleable articles, especially in a manufacturing town, the proper method is to hire a piece of land, the sandier the better—moorlands and rough grass lands are best for the purpose—and the house if possible in the middle of it. The entire place should be surrounded by 5 ft. wirework



AN EXCEPTIONAL POLYANTHUS (TWO FEET IN DIAMETER).

(the outlay for wirework is the great drawback), sunk 8in. in the ground. This should be supported by strong, square posts, to which the wire should be fastened by staples. The iron standards sold by all dealers in wirework should be put in midway between each two posts, and to these the wirework should be fastened by wire ties twisted up neatly with pincers. Of course, a warren can be made without the wire; if the rabbits run out over the boundary others may also run in. It cuts both ways; but, if a lease is taken, put the wirework down. It will pay in the long run. It may be assumed that a stock of rabbits already exists on the ground; these will form the nucleus of the prospective rabbit-farm. The new owner had better make up his mind to cultivate a central piece of ground. The ordinary farmer always grumbles at the harm rabbits do to ordinary crops, but in this case they pay for the damage by their own value. Lay out one plot for carrots, of which they are extremely fond, and which add to their health and weight considerably. Too many turnips are apt to cause pot-bellies, if on a small ground. The warrener grows for his rabbits, but he will find that what they leave him will be sufficient to pay for seed, labour and leave a balance to credit. Now let him procure some young Belgian hare bucks; when turned down they need not be much larger than the ordinary wild conies; but they soon outgrow them, and it must be a *sine qua non* that these imported animals are for stock, not sale, and must be left for that purpose two years at least. The mixed offspring will show a marked increase of size and weight, and this is where the wirework round the border proves itself profitable. It is no part of the warrener's plan to add bulk to his neighbour's rabbits, and this is what he would most assuredly do if the boundary was not so protected. One of the most important things to note is *not* to kill early rabbits—that would be “killing the goose which lays the golden eggs,” and rabbits do not touch their highest price until October 1st.

The natural increase of rabbits when protected reminds one of the old puzzling problem of the horseshoe nails, the first one at a farthing, then double as you go. One of the principal tasks on the rabbit-farm is the trapping of stoats and weasels; 4½in. drain-pipes are best for this purpose, placed where rabbits are not able to run in; these runs are most successful near water-courses and must be examined every day. A good plan for catching vermin is to place the body of the vermin under the trap, or alongside the shank; the smell soon leads another to destruction. And this leads the writer to remark on the spring steel traps for rabbits: they are cruel in the extreme, and the needless suffering caused to such a timid animal as a rabbit, kept in torture possibly for several hours, ought to be put a stop to in any country priding itself on Christianity or humanity. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does excellent service; but if its inspectors saw what the writer has seen in his time, this cruelty would be put an immediate stop to. The keeper has to trap in the runs made for stoats, weasels and rats; but all these marauders will bite fiercely and fight when caught, are rightly termed vermin, and must be exterminated as such. Another important matter is the dressing of the ground after the season's killing, to sweeten it. An equal mixture of slaked lime and rock-salt broken fine is one of the best for the purpose; after a few rains have fallen on it the soil is benefited immensely. If the warren is on a peaty soil, peat burned to ashes and the resultant spread well over the ground serves the same purpose.

An excellent addition to the warrener's income is provided by planting fruit trees at regular intervals; but these must be carefully protected during hard weather by rabbit-proof netting, otherwise rabbits will gnaw the bark and kill the trees. The

fallen fruit will be much appreciated by “Brer Rabbit” and will keep him in health; and it will be found that the gathered fruit will provide a good round sum to credit, especially as years go on.

The area of a rabbit-farm, of course, depends upon circumstances. Moorland and heath or any poor land requires a larger acreage to carry a given head of rabbits. The grass lands of the Midlands are eminently suitable for this purpose, besides being within easy reach of the London markets. This is a most important consideration, and, while on this topic, the writer would draw attention to a fact which applies to winged game as well as to rabbits. Never attempt to find a market in an aristocratic residential town; failing the metropolis, pick a manufacturing city, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield or Leeds. These are the places where game of all sorts commands tip-top prices. In the former description of town it is true a higher class of people reside, but they have generally friends and relatives who have shoots and who send them presents of game and rabbits, and, besides this, the gentlemen of such families are asked here and there to shoot, generally bringing home a brace or a leash of birds shot by themselves (or someone else); consequently game does not find so good a market as where manufactures, their managers, clerks and foremen reside. The rabbit-farmer should approach a reliable game-dealer some time before his killing season comes on and get him to name a top price per dozen for the rabbits, explaining that they are warren-bred and preserved, and heavy in weight through the Belgian hare blood introduced. Also that they will be all clean killed, for the best plan in this direction is to bolt the rabbits into purse nets with ferrets, and in passing we may note that the breeding and sale of ferrets can easily be made a profitable adjunct to the rabbit warren. The method of killing leads us directly to the question of earths, artificial or naturally formed. The writer has found that a good plan is to tip heaps of sand or loam in different parts of the warren, forming hillocks, and to scatter over them grass seeds, which can be gathered in plenty from the hay-lofts of stables; the grass soon sprouts after a shower of rain, and when the earth settles the bunnies will form their burrows without help from anyone. In digging out rabbits, it will be found that leaving good openings and scattering the bottom soil brought up all over the adjacent ground benefits it immensely. A load or two of ashes thrown over after helps for the next season. Care must be taken not to start an enterprise of this sort where long netting at nights is rife, for if poachers pay one or two visits the rabbits will be found to disappear in a remarkable manner, and additional watching at night will have to be provided for. For this reason it is as well to question the local constabulary before fixing on the location, and to hire a piece of land not too adjacent

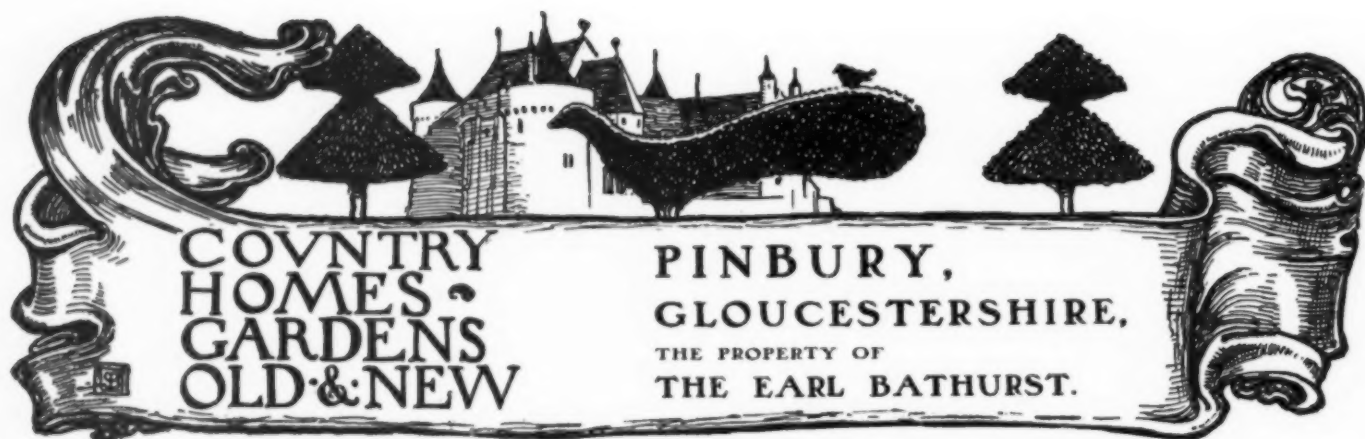
to any main road, and as private and concealed as possible.

The first year alone will show a margin of profit; but providing a sufficient stock is allowed to remain, it is the following years which pay well. Let the legitimate killing season be rigorously observed from October 1st to February 1st, and the writer will guarantee satisfactory results. This allows four months for killing and eight months for breeding.

February rabbits are mostly does in kindle, and each one of these destroyed means a severe loss to the rabbit-farmer for next season, and, besides, such animals are rightly regarded as unfit for food. If any person works on this system, a rabbit warren is one of the most paying investments for a country resident to take up. The writer is acquainted with a man near Sheffield who has a large quantity of rabbits on similar lines to these advised, in an old disused stone quarry, and he makes the business pay well. All depends upon common-sense in this business, as in all others. Where interest is taken, success is near at hand.



A STREAM-SIDE WARREN.



PINBURY is a place with a past and a present and with an intervening period of effacement. Two centuries ago it was the home of a famous antiquary. In 1779 it is described as "gone to decay." Now, under the reviving hand of Mr. Ernest Barnsley, it is the delightful summer retreat of Earl and Countess Bathurst. Of what this clever architect and his tasteful clients have done something must be said; but we must first glance at the history of the place and of its earlier occupants, for it is to that occupancy that the house owes much of its present aspect.

Duntlesborne Rouse is a Gloucestershire parish lying west of Cirencester, of which the chief manor was granted by Bishop Fox to his Oxford foundation of Corpus Christi. Pinbury, a manor in this parish, was given by the Conqueror to his daughter, Abbess of the nuns of Holy Trinity at Caen. When the French wars of the later Plantagenets led to the taking away from alien houses of religion of their English property, Pinbury was handed over to Syon Abbey and was held by it until at the Dissolution it passed to Lord Windsor and was sold by his son to Sir Henry Pool, owner of the more important manor of Sapperton near by. The Pools suffered losses during the Civil Wars, and at the Restoration their estates passed by purchase to Sir Robert Atkins, the judge, after whose death they came to his son, Sir Robert Atkins, the antiquary. We are told by the latter that "It is remarkable of this family that there has been always one of this name and family presiding in some of the Courts of Judicature in this Kingdom above 300 years." Descended from this lawyer stock was David Atkins, who flourished in the days of Henry VIII., and was an eminent merchant of Chepstow. He invested part of his commercial gains in the estate of

Tusleigh, near Gloucester, and, taking up his abode there, proceeded to acquire other manors and lands in that county before his death in 1552. From him sprang a further race of lawyers, of whom Sir Edward was one of the Exchequer Barons, and his son, Sir Robert, the purchaser of Sapperton and Pinbury, the Chief Baron. He lived, when in the country, at the now destroyed manor house of Sapperton, close by Mr. Ernest Barnsley's own house, which was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* a year ago, and he died in 1709 at the age of eighty-eight. His son, who had also been styled Sir Robert Atkins since Charles II. had dubbed him a knight while he was still a youth, dwelt at Pinbury on the opposite woody height, represented first the town of Cirencester and then the county of Gloucester in Parliament, and spent much time in getting together all the materials for his "Ancient and Present State of Gloucestershire." He only moved over to Sapperton after his father's death for a very brief space, for he died of dysentery at his London house in 1711, his book being published in the following year. To that book, dealing with the county and written by the owner and occupier of the house, we turn hopefully for a particular account of Pinbury. But we suffer disappointment, for we only find the bald statement that "Sir Robert Atkins is the present owner of it. He hath a pleasant seat in the midst of a large park." Nor do we find, amid the many illustrations by Kip which adorn the volume, any plate of this house. Of Sapperton, however, we do get a picture, and in the dim distance is another building, which must be a minute presentment of Pinbury. The front is like what it is now, and the front is all that Mr. Barnsley found of the old house. He built the low wing on the left of it for Lord Bathurst,



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THE EAST SIDE AND THE GATE TO THE FRONT DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

while behind that again was a cottage which he has incorporated and enlarged, and which forms a delightful and almost detached suite of rooms for the children. In Sir Robert's time the back seems to have been of the same height and importance as the front, and the house, so far as we can judge from so small and sketchy a representation, had a somewhat square and

wrote soon after the ancestor of the present owner had added it to his great Cirencester estate. It was not, however, to the second Earl Bathurst that its desertion and ruin was due, for we read in Rudder's "Gloucestershire," published in 1779, five years before it changed hands, that: "The park is converted to a Coney Warren, the house gone to decay and some of it taken



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THE OLD SOUTH FRONT AND THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

Palladian-like appearance, which leads us to suppose that he did a good deal to the Jacobean building of the Pools before it became what he considered "a pleasant seat." Such large alterations would account for the tradition that he effected a complete reconstruction, so that Bigland wrote in 1791 that he had "built the present delapidated Mannor House and made it his residence until the Death of his Father in 1709." Bigland

down. The children of E. Atkyns, who are minors, are the present owners."

In this condition, patched up for farm and cottage occupation, it long remained. Then Mr. Barnsley himself rented it a while. But its delightful situation—high perched yet well timbered, retired from the world, yet commanding one of the most perfect of Cotswold views—strongly recommended it as an



COUNTRY LIFE.

THE NUNS' WALK.

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THE SCENE BEFORE THE FRONT DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE VIEW DOWN SAPPERTON VALE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

occasional escape from the great, low-situate and town-girt mansion that was bought by Sir Benjamin Bathurst at the close of the seventeenth century. The entrance is in the centre of the south front—an old gabled building so unlike what a post-Restoration builder would have approved, that we must suppose that Sir Robert Atkyns did not erect and only slightly modified it as to its exterior. Inside, the remaining features of the square hall show that he sought to house himself after the manner of his day. Right and left of this apartment, as a reference to the plan will show, are the sitting and dining rooms. If ever they possessed Queen Anne wainscotings and other decorations, these were swept away when the place was left derelict, and they are now got up in a manner that consorts with the general spirit and character of one of the old lesser Cotswold manor houses. What there is, is good. The illustration of the dining-room depicts plain distempered walls and whitewashed ceiling, but a mantel-piece with a charming vine pattern frieze in low-relief sculpture. It was made in London, being copied by Lord Bathurst's direction from an old one in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In the library is seen some of the furniture and smith's work which the Sapperton Vale now produces under the fostering care of Mr. Barnsley and Mr. Gimson. The library is reached past a very good little oak staircase of the period of the Pool ownership, and through an inner

hall, which like the library itself is part of the new construction. There was a gap between the old south front with its north-east extension, and a cottage on a higher level. The centre of this gap is now occupied by the library, and at the back of it lie the inner hall and, upstairs, a bridging passage that brings the children's quarters into the general scheme. In the library we find plaster-work scrolls on the ceiling beams and on the wall frieze. Below the frieze is sequoia wainscoting in large panels. The oak leaf is substituted for the vine as the decorative motif of the chimney-piece, and the hearth is furnished with admirable iron implements of local manufacture. The same may be said of all the furniture except the old Spanish cabinet which peeps in at the left-hand corner of the illustration. For the rest, bookcase, chairs, cabinet, table and inlaid writing-paper box are all thoroughly representative of the good designing and craftsmanship that distinguish the Sapperton workshops.

The interior of Finbury is apt and pleasing. But it is a summer place, and it is the exterior charm which has received the greatest consideration. The pleasant, haphazard group of buildings, new and old, mellow-toned with rough-cast walls and stone-tiled roofs, is part of a charming rural composition, and comes into many an inviting garden picture. From the windows within and from the terraces without glorious views of the woodland hills and the grassy vale are obtained. There are two terraced gardens.



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THE DINING-ROOM.

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THE INNER HALL.

"C.L."



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THE STAIRCASE.

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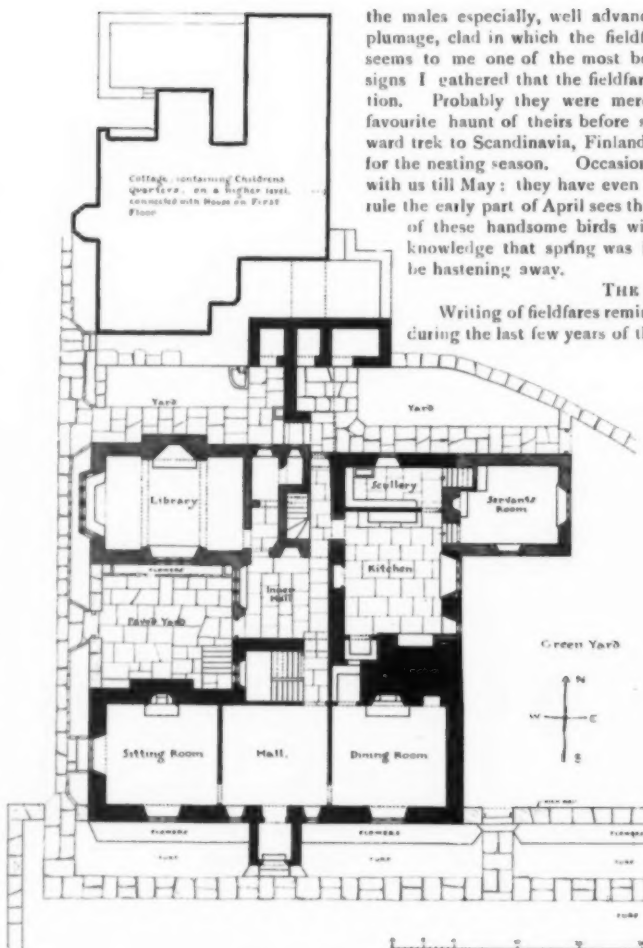


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THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The one lies before the house; you step along its path as you pass through the wicket-gate and come to the front door. Beds of hardy perennials are cut out of the turf which lies beyond the path. A dry-stone parapet wall, steadied by the great size and weight of its well-weathered coping, edges this section. Beyond it, towards the west and on a lower level, is a much larger formal plat. It makes the foreground of the picture of the house, which shows the old south front and the new library building. Dwarf roses in beds and rambler roses on posts and chains take the first place in the decoration of this terraced-parallelogram. Its position on a rapid slope gives it high protecting walls to east and north, while it is itself raised aloft over the sweeping descents to south and west. At the left corner of the picture there is seen hanging over the north wall the end tree of the yew walk. This is a noteworthy feature. Perhaps the yews were set on each side of a broad grass way by Sir Robert Atkins, who intended them to be subject to the topiarist's shears. And probably they were so till the antiquary's house was given over to decay and the garden to Nature. Nature asserted herself with delightful effect, and in a much grander manner than in a somewhat cognate example at Melbourne. Such, indeed, is the great size and gnarled nature of the stems and overhanging branches of the Pinbury yews that it is doubtful whether two centuries of growth can have produced them. They give credibility to the tradition which calls this the "Nuns' Walk," and dates the trees from monastic times. Even if it be a tradition only, so picturesque a link with the past is worth treasuring. It gives vividness to the mental picture of the many aspects and changing fortunes of this choice spot, which history renders venerable and Nature beautiful. Man, as is his habit, has dealt with it for good and evil—has at one moment courted its charms with assiduity, and then turned away with neglectful indifference. Assuredly the new love, which together with zeal shows judgment also and a discriminating taste, has come to stay, and Pinbury will long retain its gracious aspect of a rural retreat, thoroughly native, enduringly typical, thoughtfully nurtured.



GROUND PLAN.

the males especially, well advanced as they were in their spring breeding plumage, clad in which the fieldfare, always the handsomest of the thrushes, seems to me one of the most beautiful of our British birds. From various signs I gathered that the fieldfares were collecting for their Northern migration. Probably they were merely resting for a few hours at this old and favourite haunt of theirs before stretching forth again on their long Northward trek to Scandinavia, Finland and Northern Russia, whither they resort for the nesting season. Occasionally, in backward springs, fieldfares remain with us till May: they have even been noted in early June; but as a general rule the early part of April sees their departure. I watched this last gathering of these handsome birds with some regret, tempered by the pleasant knowledge that spring was indeed with us, or the fieldfares would not be hastening away.

THE GOLDEN THRUSH.

Writing of fieldfares reminds one that we seem to have heard very little during the last few years of the occurrence in England of White's thrush,

sometimes referred to as the "golden thrush"—this last a very fitting title for an exceedingly handsome bird. The golden thrush is a Liberian species which breeds in South-East and South Central Liberia, in Northern China, and it is believed also in Japan. The bird winters in Southern China, the Philippines, Sumatra and possibly other neighbouring regions. It is at this period—late autumn or winter—that this fine thrush occasionally strays to Britain, where its occurrence has from time to time been noted in various counties, as well as across the border in Berwickshire, and in counties Cork, Longford and Mayo in Ireland. About five years since a few of these striking thrushes were noticed for some little time about the garden of a relative of mine which adjoins Richmond Park; but since then I have heard no mention of the bird in this country. White's thrush, as naturalists will, I suppose, continue to call it, was first identified in 1828, from a specimen shot in Hampshire. Mr. Eyton, the ornithologist, named the species in honour of White of Selborne. This bird belongs to the "ground thrushes," and is generally to

be found searching for its food in moist places among dead leaves, beneath trees and shrubbery. In size it is somewhat larger than the mistle-thrush, and its ochreous brown plumage, notably mottled and gold spangled, renders it pretty easy of identification wherever it may happen to occur in these islands. It is, however, a quiet bird, having a soft, gentle note, somewhat like "see"; and probably, except by the sharp-eyed lover of birds, may not seldom escape notice. There is no doubt that each autumn and winter a considerable number of these beautiful thrushes are scattered over Europe, from Norway and Sweden as far South as Italy and the Pyrenees. They have been most frequently observed at Heligoland, by that ardent naturalist, Gaetke; and there in the museum are to be seen specimens of these grand thrushes in perfect plumage, mounted by the careful hands of the great bird-lover and chronicler.

A MARSH TRAGEDY.

On the last day of hare-hunting last month, on Pevensy Marsh, I came across one of those mute evidences of the powers and appetites of raptorial birds which are so frequently to be noticed by those who watch the signs of Nature. Scattered over a piece of grass were the feathers of a pigeon, scarce anything remaining of the bird but a fragment of skull and two reddish legs and feet. To one of the legs was attached a ring bearing some initials. It was a private mark, and as there were no indications whereby to identify it with any particular Homing Club, it was impossible to discover who had once been the owner of the unfortunate victim. Only one bird of these parts could have struck down and made a meal of this swift-flying pigeon, and that must have been a peregrine falcon from the adjacent chalk cliffs beyond Beachy Head. These fierce and active falcons often roam far away from the cliffs in search of food. Pigeons, wild and tame, are a favourite delicacy of theirs, and many a homing bird, upon whose powers of flight an owner might well congratulate himself, falls victim to their deadly attack. Curiously enough, only two days later, while playing golf I came upon the remains of another tragedy of this kind. Upon our smooth fourteenth green lay scattered an infinity of feathers, those of an unlucky blue tit. Here, undoubtedly, fate had issued from the woodland close by in the shape of a sparrow-hawk, a bird very common in East Sussex. The eastern part of this county is the most heavily wooded tract in all England, and, despite the vigilance of keepers, the sparrow-hawk manages to hold his own very well in most of this country-side.

WILD CATS.

I see from the *Scottish Field* that a pair of wild cats were captured during the early days of March in Glenmorriston, still one of the wildest parts of Scotland. It will, perhaps, be remembered by readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* that Prince Charlie, during his wanderings after Culloden, hid for some time in this part of the Highlands, sheltered, tended and fed by those famous and faithful outlaws the "Seven men of Glenmorriston." The Prince must have heard the moaning cry of the wild cat pretty often during his many and varied nocturnal vigils between April and September, 1746. It is a far cry from Prince Charlie's day, but the braes of Glenmorriston are still apparently wild and remote enough to give shelter to this, the wildest, shyest and, it

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

CHIFF-CHAFFS.

IN East Sussex this year the chiff-chaff seems to me to have been distinctly later than usual. March this year was unusually dry, and the insect food necessary for the existence of these and other warblers was, in consequence, unusually backward. Migratory birds are excellent barometers, although like that instrument they occasionally make mistakes; and the main body of the chiff-chaffs this year seem, therefore, to have hung back until a change of weather and the approach of rain told them that they might safely cross the Channel. On or about March 28th the advance guard of these hardy little birds arrived in the county, and their cheery if monotonous note could be heard here and there. It was fully a week later, however, before the real migration set in. About the tenth of this month, invited by the near approach of rain, the chiff-chaffs began to arrive in earnest, and during the following week they might be heard uttering their two-syllabled note freely in many a woodland. Almost simultaneously wheatears, which had also delayed their arrival, began to appear. No two birds are more typical of the approach of spring than the wheatear and the chiff-chaff, and their presence is a never-failing assurance that the long winter is past, and that the delights of spring and summer are once more at hand.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FIELDFARE.

On the same day (April 11th) that I first heard the chiff-chaff giving forth its greeting freely in copse and woodland, I noted another infallible symptom of the coming of the spring. At a certain corner of the vast level known as Pevensy Marshes there are some ancient, huge and untrimmed hedges of whitethorn, which during winter are much resorted to by fieldfares and redwings, chiefly for the reason that they offer great store of hawberries. For some time past the fieldfares have deserted these great hedges for other resorts; but on the day in question I noticed quite a gathering of the birds. There were more than a hundred of them, and a brave spectacle they were,

may be added, the rarest of all our British fauna. The male of these captured wild cats is described as a remarkably fine specimen, big, fierce, well marked and weighing more than sixteen pounds. The Highlands still produce a few wild cats here and there, but owing to the vigilance of keepers the breed

grows steadily scarcer. In my young days, while fishing in Perthshire, I remember reports of wild cats in the neighbourhood of the moor of Rannoch. I doubt whether Rannoch or Ben Alder, remote and solitary as they are, ever shelter a wild cat now.

H. A. BRYDEN.

A FORBIDDEN CITY.—II.

OUR first article on the Forbidden City dealt chiefly with the Wu Gate and the splendours of the Tai-he Hall. It would tire the reader were a detailed description to be given of each successive building which is traversed in a journey to the innermost arcana. One differs from the other mainly in age, those of an earlier period being more noteworthy, whether for form, decoration or colour. We will, therefore, dwell upon certain features which are common to all. The first of these are railed avenues, which usually cross some moat or piece of what was once ornamental water. That now illustrated is nearly two hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, and is built of white marble throughout; it leads to the Ch'ien Ch'ing Hall.

As has been said, most of the halls are built above terraces, to some of which there are as many as three. To these stairways of very unusual form give access, the actual stairs being on either side, while the centre is occupied by a slope carved with dragons and clouds in low relief and which allows of carpeting on State occasions. In that illustrated, leading from the Pao-he Hall, the central portion consists of a stupendous monolith of white marble, which measures over fifty-five feet in length by over ten feet in width, and is the largest known block of marble in China. How elaborate is the carving of the central slope of the steps may be seen from the illustration, which gives the details of a flight leading to the Ch'ien Ch'ing Hall.

A good example of the form of the exterior of the buildings may be seen in the view of the rear of this Ch'ien Ch'ing Hall; its colouring, though suffering from the effects of time, is still in good condition. In strong contrast to

the deep blue of the sky is the gay orange of the roof, below which, and shadowed by it, come rich polychromatic bands, as a rule consisting of violet, blue and green bracketing, carrying in the interspaces panels of gold dragons on a red ground. The violet and dark green predominating, the whole impresses one with a sense of sobriety. Below the doors are of a warm red, slightly toned by time and usually softened by shadow, and in strong and not unpleasant contrast to the snow white marble terraces. It has required great judgment to arrange these strong

primary or secondary colours, for an indiscriminate use necessarily produces gaudy and discordant effects; but in the above and other instances the coloured portions being in shadow they are not only not offensive, but have a magnificently impressive appearance. Naturally they vary according to the season, and that which under the blazing sun of summer may appear oppressive looks comfortably gay in the frigid cold of a Peking winter.

At the time when the photographs were taken weeds, rising in some instances to a height of seven feet, had forced themselves up between the joints of the brick floor of the courtyards, while in other places self-sown flowering plants and shrubs spread themselves out below the white marble terraces. This accidental addition did not, curiously enough, produce a feeling so much of neglect as of a poetical charm, especially as their mellow greens harmonised admirably with the white marble and red fences.

A seemingly accidental view of the interior of this hall is seen in the illustration, which shows a mirror in which is reflected the Imperial dais, which naturally is the central object of every apartment. The decoration throughout of this piece of furniture is dragon



MIRROR IN THE CH'EN CH'ING HALL.



PART OF THE BACK OF THE CH'EN CH'ING HALL.

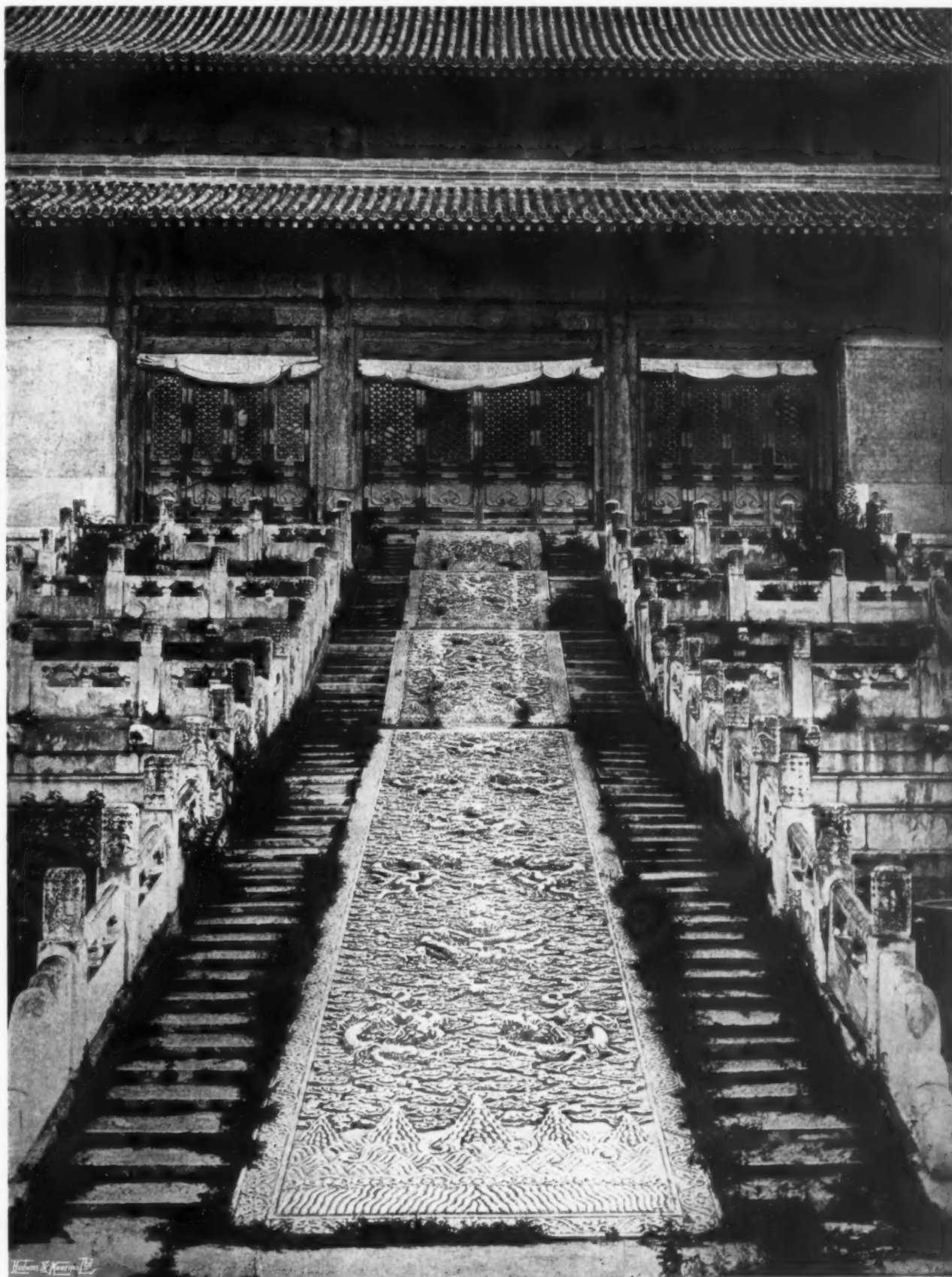
forms in high relief, or cut *à jour*, and gilt, the balustrade being red, and the *ensemble* a blaze of brilliant gold and gorgeous red. The floors of both dais and hall are covered, when in use, with carpets for the most part of yellow, with interwoven dragons, while the cushions on the throne are of yellow, blue, red and green, figured with dragons and arabesques, but these had been removed when the photographs were taken. The pillars behind the throne will be seen to be hung with frames of considerable length bearing fac-similes of Imperial autographs. The coffered vaults of the roof are a still more sumptuous feature in all these halls. They are structures raised high from the plane of the ceiling, in which may be seen innumerable small brackets arranged

in regular arrays, and painted alternately with green and red gold and carved with phoenix and dragon. The appearance is sumptuous to an extreme degree.

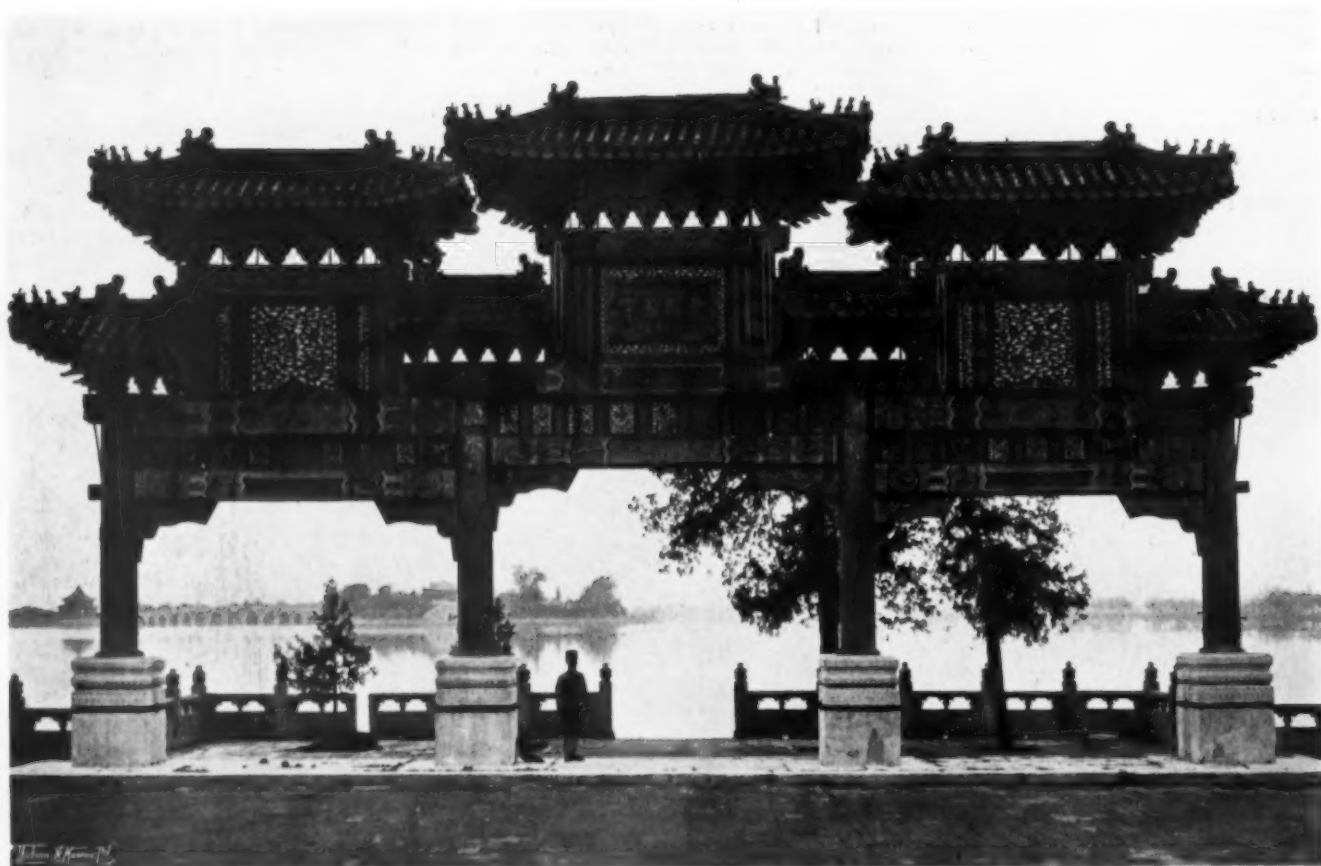
Fortunately photography fails to give full justice to China in one respect, namely, that it omits to place on record either the dirt or the smells. More odorous doubtless to the visitors who were privileged to see the palaces were the views of which watery expanses formed a part. One such we give as seen through the ornamental *Pai-lou*, which decorates a landing-stage leading to the Wan-Shou Shan Palace, the late Empress's favourite retreat some few miles out of Peking, but as inaccessible as the Forbidden City.

A few words may be said in conclusion as to the general effect produced by a survey of this historical and unique pile of buildings and as to the points in which Chinese ornament is worthy of praise, if not of imitation. The first is the presence of strict symmetry which characterises not only the plan of the buildings, but the whole of the structure and ornament. It is a most appropriate one where severity and grandeur and the notion of inaccessibility are essential features. The next is the ingenuity with which ornamental figures occupy the spaces. To these may be added the judicious employment of colours in strong contrast, which, carried out on very simple principles, results in great enrichment of effect. Lastly, a sensible

adaptation of the means employed, parts at a distance being coarsely done but, nevertheless, appearing gorgeous, while only upon those nearer at hand is exquisite workmanship lavished. But defects are not lacking, among which may be noted an utter absence of artistic simplicity in design; chasteness, an unknown element; an absence of variety in space and pattern, which invariably fills the whole; a monotonous recurrence in design which points to either poverty in invention or long-standing routine which permitted no individuality. Art has evidently persistently deteriorated in China since its apogee under the Ming Dynasty. The deterioration is not markedly seen during the earlier years, but it has



THE CENTRAL BACK FLIGHT OF THE PAO-HE HALL.



THE PAI-LOU OF THE WAN-SHOU SHAN PALACE.



THE RAILED AVENUE OF THE CH'EN CH'ING HALL.

advanced very rapidly and uninterruptedly during the last century or so.

Our tale in a measure is incomplete, for it has dealt solely with the pictorial aspect of the city, and it would certainly have been far more engrossing could it have been interwoven with the lives and actions of the Imperial Dynasty that have ruled a stupendous Empire from this impenetrable fastness. Some day

an authoritative history of the Dynasties that have here risen and fallen, and secured and lost sway over the countless millions of China, may be presented to the world. Until then we can only, having regard to accuracy, present the illustrations in a dispassionate spirit, which certainly deprives them of much of the interest that should very properly be associated with them.

MARCUS B. HUISS.

THE PROPOSED EXTENSION OF WIMBLEDON AND PUTNEY COMMONS.

ANYONE wishing to view the land which it is proposed to acquire and add to these delightful commons will hardly do better than start from Newlands Farm. It is an easy walk or drive from East Putney Station, and is itself possessed of considerable interest, for this was the famous Bald Faced Stag. It is a solid piece of Georgian mason-work of considerable height, and fronting the

is scarcely a memory, and a peaceable farmer inhabits where Jerry Abershaw drank and swore and frequently lost at cards what he had gained by robbery. Stag Lane goes from the old Bald Faced Stag to Wimbledon Common, and on either side lies the land which it is proposed to purchase. The alternative is to allow it to lapse into building land. In that case, what would become of Stag Lane? At present it is as nice



LOOKING TOWARDS THE COMMON ACROSS STAG FARM.

Great Portsmouth Road. The old outbuildings look almost unchanged, and with the portico help us to realise what a great wayside inn must have been like in the eighteenth century. No doubt it was a very busy place, for in the pre-railway days Portsmouth was the principal landing port of those who visited or returned to England, and the journey to London in public mail-coaches or private chariots was made along this road. Hence, no doubt, its popularity with those who were on "the high toby"—that is to say, with Dick Ryder and his brotherhood. Up to a very recent date it was no uncommon occurrence for travellers on the road to be stopped and plundered. The heath was a very favourite spot for the act, and this hostelry standing on its edge did not fail to attract the daring highwayman. It is associated chiefly with the name of Jerry Abershaw, whose bones eventually rattled a warning alike to thief and victim as they hung in chains on the heath and moved in answer to the winds. Till well on into the nineteenth century his sword was kept there as a curiosity. The inn was a favourite one with the pre-Raphaelites and their friends. Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, George Meredith and Watts used to visit it at times, and more frequently George Borrow did the same thing. But to-day the highwayman

as the common itself, a piece of genuine, simple rusticity, with unpruned hawthorn hedges on either side and rank herbage at their roots. There is no trimmed neatness, no park feature about it, but it is a simple country byway which is most convenient for the troops of Londoners who come out here to get a whiff of fresh air and a glimpse of rusticity. When in it, with green, cultivated fields across the hedge, with the famous Surrey black-birds joining with the lark and the thrush to sing the chorus of spring, one feels as though the town might be a hundred miles away. But let the land be sold for building purposes, and we know what will happen. The hedges of the lane suddenly become frontage, and to what? Were there any chance of pleasant little detached homesteads being erected, each with its bit of land, its front and flower garden, there would not be so much to complain of. Something very different will happen, and is happening, for the ever-extending city is bulging out along the Portsmouth Road, and from the commercial standpoint the frontage to the highway is vastly more valuable than that to the lane. Consequently a poorer class of builder would be attracted. He would convert the country lane into a street lined with terraces of houses. There is no need to guess at what

would happen, for already the ugly and unhygienic terrace has made its appearance—a row for a mean street, an array of party walls, a standing proof of the ugliness of the Building Bye-laws cottage. What would follow needs no telling. The charm of Wimbledon Common at present is that on it one can find healing for jarred and broken nerves, because it is sequestered and remote from noisy traffic. But plant a colony of houses in the centre, and the arrival of the motor-omnibus and the tramcar with the annoyances they bring in their train is only a matter of time. In a word, the value of the common as a sanctuary

wherein to escape the nerve-shattering rush of modern life would be diminished or destroyed if this land were built upon.

The fact cannot be too strongly emphasised that there would have been little or no cause for complaint if things had been allowed to remain *in statu quo*. At present the walk along



LOOKING TOWARDS RICHMOND PARK.

Stag Lane to Wimbledon Common lies between pleasant farm fields, the meadows on one side crowned with a beautiful wooded height. On the other there are shady-looking, old-fashioned orchards that carry with them the very aroma of Arcadia. There is satisfaction in the fact that the Directors of the Putney Vale Cemetery have purchased some of the adjacent land. A modern cemetery with its obtrusive white memorial stones does not add materially to the beauty of a landscape, but it is, at any rate, a very permanent institution, and the tombstones could be shrouded from view by a line of

tall trees. In the same way very great satisfaction is felt in the fact that Coombe Wood has been leased on a long term as a golf course. There is an assurance that it will be set aside for thirty years for this purpose, and there is every likelihood that at the end of that period the lease will be renewed.



AT THE EDGE OF THE LANE.

Far from there being any wish to interfere with this arrangement, it is accepted with satisfaction. On the other hand, it would give cause for great regret if it were found impossible to save that part of the ground that lies close to the Beverley Brook. So keenly was it felt that the loss of this land would be irreparable, that five residents combined to purchase the thirteen acres extending from the Robin Hood Gate of Richmond Park and a third of the endangered course of the Beverley Brook. The piece of land lies along the course of the Beverley Brook from the bridge by which the Kingston Road crosses the stream. It saves the banks from the Kingston Road to the Robin Hood Bridge, and it provides a wide strip on the western side that will for all time enable pedestrians to walk from Wimbledon Park to Petersham without leaving the woods once except to cross the road at the Robin Hood entrance to the park. The price paid for this thirteen acres was two hundred and eighty pounds per acre. The Beverley Brook forms a feature that is well worth preserving. The stream is still as clear and purling as it would be if it were coming down a Welsh valley. Willows and alders hang over it, and the walk down by its side is the most charming conceivable. It would indeed be a thousand pities if its fate should be that of the Wandle.

We can hardly imagine any argument against the desirability of the purchase, because as the years go on, London, ever spreading, is bound either to engulf the open spaces around it or to transform them to green islands amid a sea of houses, and as time proceeds the land must ever grow more and more valuable. But the practical question at the moment is whether the public will come forward with sufficient generosity for the purpose of raising the sum required. The total area, including the thirteen acres (the piece already purchased), amounts to one hundred and seventy-two acres, of which the price is fifty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-one pounds, or an average price of three hundred and six pounds per acre, so that at least sixty thousand pounds will be required. At critical moments previously very generous help has been given. The most recent

example was that at Hampstead Heath, to which eighty acres were added at a cost of forty-three thousand pounds. In this case it may be noted that a number of public bodies felt themselves justified in voting contributions. The London County Council subscribed eight thousand pounds, the Middlesex County Council two thousand five hundred pounds, the Hampstead Borough Council five thousand pounds, the Trustees of the City Parochial Charities one thousand five hundred pounds, the Islington Borough Council one thousand pounds and the St. Pancras Borough Council five hundred pounds. In addition, substantial gifts were made by the Goldsmiths' Company, the Leather Sellers' Company, the Skinners' Company, the Fishmongers' Company and the Pewterers' Company. The land at Hampstead, it will be noticed, was very much more expensive than that at Wimbledon, amounting as it did to five hundred and thirty-seven pounds ten shillings per acre. The history of Epping Forest, again, is a magnificent record of the generosity of the City Corporation, and the comparatively recent addition of Hainault Forest is an occurrence not unlike that with which we are dealing. In the light

of these facts it is not unreasonable to expect that the moderate sum required will be forthcoming out of private and public munificence. According to the excellent pamphlet issued by Mr. Richardson Evans, the hon. secretary, the objections that have been raised are as follows. The first is that the present area is large enough. But the object of the movement is not to enlarge the area of the commons, but to preserve the existing amenities. As Mr. Evans points out, the concourse of visitors on feast days and holidays shows an enormous growth; while he makes the interesting remark that the increase

of permanent foot-tracks is proof of its ordinary use. Twenty years ago there were hardly any except the regular avenues; now the woods are covered with them in every direction. The second objection is that if the Conservators became responsible for the management of the added lands, the cost of administration would involve an increase of the Commons Rate. This he thinks will be checked by the automatic growth of the ratable value.



BEVERLEY BROOK.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT is with a deep breath of pleasure that, having read, I turn back to survey Mrs. Lang's new book, *A Land of Romance: The Border, Its History and Legend*, with six plates in photogravure by Tom Scott, R.S.A. (T. C. and E. Jack). The Muse of History did not wholly inspire it, and there is little endeavour to authenticate all that is set down in print. Legendary tales and ballads have been freely used, and rightly so, for the mere fact that a tale has been narrated and received with general credence is in itself a fact telling of a stage of general culture, a condition of society which rendered probable what had been imagined. Romance is difficult to define. It exists in the mind rather than in the act. But we shall arrive at its meaning better by following the authoress than by talking dictionary. She starts with the Roman Wall, that extraordinary structure which first had its existence in the brain of Hadrian, who conceived the plan of building a huge barrier across the seventy-three miles of desolate waste between the North Sea and the Solway. Is there not romance in the picture of it that the mind tries to conjure up? Sunrise over the misty mountain-tops, the bull sacrificed

to the God of Dawn, the voices of the Roman soldiery joining in the hymn to Mithras, castella and four-mile station awaking to vigilant life, legionary and centurion going about their duties. Ere the day was far advanced it would justify its description as "one roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-taming town from Ituna on the west to Segedunum on the cold Eastern beach." Here realism and romance nudge each other. And the Picts, "the little people," showed a similar combination. They were "a very warlike nation, and very greedy of slaughter," but the accomplishment of which they were proudest of was that of being able to distill a fiery spirit from heather, which they drank till they were intoxicated and

. lay in a blessed swoond
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

After the Roman period comes that of King Arthur, during which the Muse of History withdraws and leaves the chronicle. Legend steps in with tales of valorous deeds achieved by Arthur and his knights at Stirling, Falkirk, the shores of Loch Lomond and that Vale of Gala Water that his foes afterwards called Wedale, the

Dale of Woe. It says, too, that Arthur, under the Eildons, sleeps still with his knights girt in armour, beside each his horse sleeping in war harness, as if Merlin with a wave of his wand had transformed a living into a dormant army. Mrs. Lang declares that at Berwick-on-Tweed was the castle "Joyous Garde," or "Dolorous Garde"; but this must be a slip of the pen, as Malory says some say it was Bamborough, some say it was Alnwick.

Now, having had the soldierly Roman and the knightly Arthur, we turn to the saints for romance of a very different kind. We have first Ademnan's history of Columba, whose immense diocese stretched from Iona to Lindisfarne and then Kentigern. Of the Border saints Cuthbert stands first in interest. A great, loving and lovable man of simple tastes and habits, even his abstemiousness was not austere. Nature changes little in a thousand years, and, therefore, it is easy for the visitor to the Farnes or Holy Island to picture the wild Northumbrian coast with its fringe of islands where tonsured monks were the chief inhabitants. The great eider-ducks are nesting there now as tamely as they did when Cuthbert fed and petted them, terns and razor-bills, gulls and cormorants still sit on the rocks and float on the wave. The ear is assailed by the same clamour of sea-fowl and billow. Even those who are least addicted to moralising must be struck on reading a book like this with Nature's imperturbability. Sitting in a boat, rocked on the blue water under a vault of blue sky, it seems as though nothing had ever happened or could happen. The red ruins are no more than a flight of insects might have left. The feeling comes still more intensely at the Roman Wall, where all is solitude, and the only voices are those of the moorland birds—the kekking of grouse, the plover's wail, and the mournful cry of the whaup. They are the definite voices, but ever the wind plays an accompaniment, soft and low in summer, as it blows through the rank foliage covering all that is left of the Roman occupation; strong and insistent in the winter storms, but always sighing rather than shouting, for in these waste places it meets with small resistance.

Magic is romance, and with this in view it must have been easy to write a chapter about the Wizards of the North. There is Merlin, who, according to tradition, was clubbed and thrown into the Tweed by cruel and superstitious rustics. Merlin's grave is on the bank of the Powsail Burn near Drummelzier. Mrs. Lang shows that the real Merlin, as opposed to the enchanter of the Idylls, was the last of the Druids. Maister Michael Scot has been made familiar to us by Sir Walter. His house of Oakwood still stands and is in possession of Lord Polwarth, head of the house of Scot. Mr. Tom Scott gives us a charming sketch of the Tower, and it may be said here that the illustrations he has contributed are beyond praise. There is in them not only good drawing, but the poetry and the melancholy of the Border. Everybody who visits Melrose Abbey looks at Michael Scot's grave, raised to new fame by the use made of it in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Thomas Rimor of Ercildun," as he signed himself in an old Melrose charter, still extant, was poet and dreamer as well as prophet. His fame, like that of the others, was widely spread abroad, and the Laird of Ercildoune shows a close familiarity with many very remote portions of his native land. Perhaps there is a symbolic meaning to the legend that he kissed the lips of "the Queen of fair Elfland" and was henceforth under her dominion.

But, after all, it was war that directly or indirectly accounted for most of the romances of the Border. The "reiver" was one of its products. The antagonism between the two countries made the Scotch and English consider it no sin to steal from each other. At any rate, it served as an excuse. The reiver had no real patriotism. Like the bandy-legged smith, "he fought for his ain hand." One pictures him usually as a scarred and hard-bitten outlaw, a bold fighter, yet an adept at the art of running away, not caring anything for fame and heroism, but a good deal for his neighbours' cattle. When a place was harried the women do not seem to have run away, but were ready to be on friendly terms with the assailants. This sketch of one reiver is typical of the class:

Sir Robert Ker, popularly known as "Habby," feared neither God nor man. To advance himself in the world, to avenge himself on his enemies—and they were many—to keep, when possible, on the winning side, such were the precepts of one who was, with truth, "a bloodye man." "Habby's hanging tree" still exists, and his unhallowed ghost is said still to ride. The power of his name is known even now to the country-folk, who, at night, hear the owls hoot from the ivy of the tower where once he lived, or we pass by the old grey kirk of Bowden, where his body lies, when the moon is high and the spirits of dead reivers may be expected to be abroad. There was a gallant insolence, a magnificent arrogance about Sir Robert Ker, at the time when it suited his book to disturb the peace of English subjects as much as lay in his power, which goes some way to atone for his many evil deeds. He would personally superintend a foray, slay with his own hand, "most bloodye," a brace or two of Englishmen, and triumphantly sound his "trompet" to make all men aware that Habby himself was present, while his followers went on with the killing.

Of the great Border battles, that of Otterburne stands out for the valour of Douglas and Hotspur, that of Flodden because

of the number of noble lives lost at it. Both have enriched the literature of romance, one by its ballad, the other by "Marmion."

THE STORY OF BOLOGNA.

Bologna; Its History, Antiquities and Art, by Edith E. Coulson James. (Henry Frowde.)

BOLOGNA has attracted fewer English writers than some other Italian cities, and Miss Coulson James's book will repay perusal. To the visitor it will prove a useful guide. It is careful and painstaking. The many sources of interest are described with accuracy. Miss James excels as a historian, but her writing lacks enthusiasm. The peculiar fascination of Italy, its beauty, its poetry, has left her untouched. But as a survey of the historical and archaeological attractions which Bologna offers to the student the book is full of interest. Especially worthy of praise are the chapters devoted to the University, which claims to be the oldest in Europe. There were Bolognese doctors of law in the eleventh century, but under Irnerius—whose reputation was firmly established in the year 1113—the University acquired European fame and was eagerly sought as a centre of polite learning by students from all countries. The names of those who passed through the University during the great renaissance of learning included those of Dante. Miss James gives an interesting account of the learned ladies who as early as 1209 not only studied but lectured at Bologna. Novella Calderini, who died in 1356, was famed for her knowledge of the law, and of her "it is recorded that she was wont to cover her face with a thick veil when she ascended the professorial Chair, lest her beauty should distract the attention of her pupils." She married Giovanni Oldrendi da Legnano, an eminent doctor of Bologna, and "filled her husband's chair when he was away on important affairs of State." The tradition was carried on in the eighteenth century, when Laura Bassi, at the age of twenty, was "induced to give public evidence of her learning." The ordeal must have been a severe one, for she was "interrogated on the most weighty questions of philosophy" by five learned professors of the University. That she acquitted herself with brilliancy and distinction is evident, for the "laurea" was subsequently bestowed upon her. Miss James gives a detailed and elaborate description of the wonderful Umbrian and Etruscan antiquities to be seen in the Museo Civico. The ancient burial-places were discovered when the site for the Campo Santo was chosen in 1801. Many of the early tombs then excavated were found to contain implements and ornaments of the highest value, which must always be of profound interest to the student of archaeology. But the author gives little more than a brief summary of the artists of Bologna, and perhaps some readers will feel that more space should have been relegated to the great names of Lippo Dalmasio, Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa. Francesco Raibolini, better known as Francia, was a native of Bologna; he was born there in 1450, and it was in the goldsmith's art he first won fame. The photograph of his fine altar-picture in the Bentivoglio Chapel is especially good. The charm and grace of Francia's work are nowhere better exemplified than in this picture, and the figures of the youthful saints, St. John, holding the chalice in his hands, and St. Sebastian, are perhaps the most lovely boyish forms Francia ever drew. The photograph of Michele di Matteo Lambertini's "Ancona," in the Badia of Nonantola, is also extremely interesting. Not the least attractive part of this volume to English readers will prove the pages concerning the sojourn of "Il Rè Giacomo III." in Bologna. James, with his beautiful young wife Clementina, first took up his residence in Bologna in 1721. Ghiselli describes little Prince Charlie as "molto spiritoso e di bellezza straordinaria." Born in 1720, he was about seven years of age when his parents moved to the Palazzo Fantuzzi. "The little Prince," writes Miss James, "appears to have begun to take part in the gaieties of Bolognese society at a very early age, for in November of this year (1726) the Marchese de Buoi gave a ball at which he was present. A picture in the Insignia represents the little Prince as dancing with the Contessa Pepoli, the bride of the occasion." In the earlier pages of her book Miss James traces the disturbances caused in Bologna, as in so many other Italian cities, by the great rival factions of Guelph and Ghibelline. But her work is marred by a somewhat remarkable omission. We have been unable to trace a single reference to the great saint, Catherine of Bologna, beyond a passing mention that she was counted among Dalmasio's pupils. Her father, Giovanni de Vigri, was of a noble Ferrarese family, and for some time he occupied a professorial chair in the University of Bologna. He married a Bolognese lady of the Mamolini family, and Catherine, their only child, was born in 1413. At the age of eleven she went to Ferrara, to the palace of Nicholas D'Este, Marquis of Ferrara, where she was brought up with his daughter Margaret. When Margaret married Robert Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, the Princess begged Catherine to accompany her to her new home; but the young girl had already decided to enter a convent. Subsequently she founded a convent of the Poor Clares at Bologna, remaining there until she died in 1463. The breviary, copied by her own hand and ornamented with coloured figures of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother and the Saints, is still preserved as a precious relic in the convent. Her work on the Seven Spiritual Weapons is also preserved, and we think it must have been through an oversight rather than from deliberate intention that Miss James has omitted to give at least a brief biography of one of the most famous women in the annals of Bologna. The illustrations, of which there are about one hundred, include some excellent photographs by the author and others, and some charming pen-and-ink drawings by Miss C. E. Baker. I. C.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Maurice Maeterlinck, by Gérard Harry. (George Allen.)

IT is questionable wisdom to write the life of a man still in his prime; but if it must be done, the employment of moderate and restrained language would seem to be essential. The book before us is merely panegyric, and panegyric couched in the most extravagant terms, extravagance which may be judged from the fact that in the first page the birth of Maeterlinck is likened to that of the Divine Child. The dramatist was the son of a small holder in Belgium. He was originally destined for the Bar, but partly owing

to a general inaptitude for that kind of work, and partly owing to a shrill and unmusical voice, he proved a failure and drifted into literature. Those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance know that in personal intercourse he is shy and modest to a degree. One of his favourite pursuits is gardening, and "The Life of a Bee" was written, it need scarcely be said, from personal observation. He is also fond of skating and other outdoor occupations, such as cycling and motoring, that he can enjoy by himself. He is a thinker to whom solitude is necessary. All this might have been told with detail well enough, but the writer of the biography expresses a vast number of opinions of his work that in reality have no value at all, as he has not the gift of analysis and does not set down reasons for the belief that is in him. The illustrations consist to a great extent of photographs of Mme. Maeterlinck in the various parts she has acted, and there is a picture of St. Wandrell, the interesting ruin in which some time ago a realistic version of "Macbeth" was produced.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD.

The King's Highway, by H. B. Marriott Watson.

DICK RYDER'S recitals began in the time of Mr. Henley and the *New Review*, and they are as good now as when he first commenced to tell them. Reader and hero set out together without the faintest idea where the thing is going to end up, or what is going to happen before it does end up; and the only difference between the two is that, while the hero never knows whether he may not end up also, the reader's interest is spoilt by no such apprehension. "The Woman with a Squint," to which Mr. Marriott Watson himself gives place of honour, is perhaps worthier of the position than any because it achieves better than any the admirable illusion of historic accuracy. Such an incident as that of the ducking of the shrew, with her little red-headed husband dancing with glee on the edge of

the pond and not a soul to pity or to spare, must have happened many and many a time in our English villages. Dick is a gallant rascal, with an unquenchable admiration for a pretty face, and a chivalrous protection ready even for a plain one; and since these new adventures of his show no falling off in their ingenuity and skill, and no lack of freshness in their totally unexpected endings and the delineation of their characters, we hope Mr. Marriott Watson will send him out again, many a time and oft, on his noble mare Calypso, with us pounding breathless after him, all agog to know what happens.

JUST MISSED.

The Glory and the Abyss, by Vincent Brown. (Chapman and Hall.)

MR. VINCENT BROWN improves with every book he writes; and if he could only once get completely clear of melodrama and keep his novels in the realms of daily experience, he would rise at once into a higher category of authors. As it is, this story is spoilt by its ending. The members of the Bonsor family are born with a moral taint which only Sarah and Peter escape. Sarah cuts herself off from her disgraced family; Peter, by unflinching simplicity and patience and by unswerving determination and love, remains and redeems them all. One by one the girls go wrong. Even the simple, kindly Bob cannot keep straight; while Charles turns out an utter and shameless villain. The characteristics of his characters are too marked. They cease to become characters in consequence and turn into types. They lose the quality of peasants, too, for the same reason, Mr. Brown at times letting go of his conception of his people in his earnest desire to make them illustrate his convictions and fit in with his plan. Yet the book is written with the utmost sincerity. A very little more, we feel, or a very little difference, and the book would deserve the place it now just misses.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

HALLEY'S COMET
AS AN INFLUENCE IN
GOLF.

THERE is much humour, but it hardly appears certain whether of the conscious or the unconscious kind (the latter always is by far the more delightful), about the reason suggested to account for the unusually late date for which the amateur championship is fixed this year. The reason given was that, if it had been played at its usual time, it is likely that we should have been just in course of passage through the tail of Halley's comet. That, apparently, is a perfectly exact calculation. It has, at least, the authority of Sir Robert Ball (good golfing name, if ever there was one) in its support, and perhaps few would care to challenge him for a match over the starry course. About May 18th, he says, the tail will be all about us, but he appears to think that the world will go on much as usual. There is no more risk, he assures us, of a collision of the earth with the comet's main body than of the train from New York to Chicago colliding with that between London and Edinburgh. So let us hope that it will keep to the rails. It is on record, however, that when the earth last went through this comet's tail in 1861 there was a haze such as caused a clergyman



MR. GEORGE BRANN.

to have candles lit in daylight that he might see to read his sermon. Can it be conceived, then, that a golfer could keep the eye effectively on the ball in such a dim, distracting twilight, and have not those who fixed the amateur championship done wisely, whether or no they consulted the stars to find the way of wisdom, for the normal date for that championship is just about May 18th? They have given it to us this year a fortnight later. The comet appeared at the battle of Hastings, and it is said that its apparition was taken so ominously by the English that this, and this alone, was the cause of the Norman Conquest. If the comet could effect such a thing as that, it becomes almost conceivable that it might influence the championship of golf.

MR. GEORGE BRANN.

It came no doubt as something of a surprise to the general golfing public when Home Park beat Walton Heath so decisively in the final of the London Amateur Foursomes the other day. There was not much surprise felt, however, by those who knew the play of the winning pair, Mr. Rand and Mr. Brann. Mr. Rand was the steady member of the partnership, and Mr. Brann was mainly responsible for the occasional brilliancy. He made several extraordinarily fine strokes, notably

one or two very long and very straight shots with iron clubs; nor is it to be inferred from this special mention of particular strokes that the rest of his game was not thoroughly sound and good, since it was, in fact, both. Mr. Brann habitually sends the ball a very long way indeed with a style of his own. In part it is like a straightforward cricketer's hit, but there is superadded to this a curious flourish of the wrists at the top of the swing which is somewhat reminiscent of Massey. In spite of its singularity it is exceedingly effective, and Mr. Brann is a player who, on his day, is capable of proving a thorn in the flesh to the greatest of players. His achievements in other games are, of course, well known. He played for England when Association football was, as regards the amateurs, at its zenith, and he was for years a tower of batting strength to Sussex.

THE PROFESSIONALS.

Out of the various golfing exploits done, and matches played, by the professionals in the opening days of their season, we may gather, without going into dull and long detail, one or two points. Taylor, Vardon, Braid and Herl have been on tour together—that was interesting. At one time Vardon won; at another, in a high wind, which probably made his strength tell, Braid had the best of them; but during most of their time they were not playing all against all, but with the Englishmen in partnership against the Scots, and since this is the same partnership on both sides as that which was representing the respective sides of the Tweed in the International foursome that roused such excitement some years ago, it was the more interesting to see these men thus matched again—and with different result, for the Scots won two matches to one. Whether in a really set battle this would be the outcome it is hard to say. The odds—a slight shade—would probably be on the English pair, although Harry Vardon, in spite of occasional very brilliant rounds, is probably not quite the golfer he was. He has always had a constitutional delicacy to contend with, and though it appears to be quite overcome now, it has perhaps taken a little off that terrifically keen edge which his game once had. His sturlier brother, Tom, seems to have returned home from America in the finest of form. Tom Ball is likely enough to give trouble to some of the best now that he has moved South. But the point of greatest note in all the professional play hitherto is, perhaps, the coming up of a new name in the Midlands, that of Veness. He won, though a previously unknown man, in a very good field, from which no likely ones of any importance were absent.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF SUSSEX.

At Littlehampton, in the south-western corner of Sussex, they have been playing for the championship of the county, both in club teams and individual matches. Eastbourne just won the club championship from Ashdown Forest, who have been the holders during the last two years, but had not quite a full representation this season. In the tournament for the individual championship Mr. de Montmorency seemed to be going very strongly indeed and to be on the road to victory; but Mr. Brian Butler, playing fine golf, beat him by a hole in the final, and is champion of the county for the year. They get some very good men in this Sussex championship, and the standard of the play is high.

SOCIETY MATCHES.

With the advancing daylight the various golfing societies of the different professions begin to war furiously against one another in team matches, and agonised gentlemen write post-card after post-card beseeching and commanding the members of their side not to desert them in the hour of need. Those who belong to two or three different societies, and as many clubs, and are asked to play for them all, are sometimes inclined to think that it is possible to have too much of a good thing; but, no doubt, it is really all for the best in the best of all possible golfing worlds. One of the first of these encounters was that between the Press and the Solicitors at Walton Heath last week. It turned out a sadly one-sided affair, the men of the law trampling on their opponents to the extent of seven to one in the singles and three to one in the foursomes. The one point for the Press was gained by Mr. Darwin, who, with the aid of local knowledge and some rather startling putts, got a comfortable lead against Mr. H. E. Taylor early in the game and kept it. Mr. Newnes and Mr. Darwin also managed to snatch a victory from Mr. Taylor and Mr. Pollock in the foursomes, but the latter were not at their best. Mr. Pollock, generally so brilliant on a seaside course, is not an inland player. Mr. Longstaffe, Mr. Copland and Mr. O'Flynn Taylor all played well for the Solicitors, who were altogether far too strong a side. Another of their matches, and one which generally calls forth a good deal of friendly partisanship, will soon be coming on, that between the Bar and the Stock Exchange. Last year the very great mistake was made of playing on an inland course, but the match was but a shadow of its former jolly self, and this year it is hoped to go back to the seaside, where it has always been a success.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME IRISH SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING MAY DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Of the four great festivals held in Ireland from Pagan times, May was the most memorable of them all. May Day, in Irish *Lá-Beltaine*, or the day of Baal fires, was so called because Baal fires were originally used for human sacrifices. But after Christianity was established, children and cattle were only passed between two fires for purification from sin and as a safeguard against the power of the Devil. The Irish say that fire and salt are the two most sacred things given to man, and if you give them away on May Day you give away your luck for the year. Herbs gathered on May Eve have mystical and strong virtue for curing diseases. Hares found on this morning are supposed to be witches and should be stoned. It is considered unsafe to go on the water the first Monday in May. If the fire goes out on May Morning it is considered very unlucky, and it cannot be relit except by a lighted sod brought from a priest's house. Neither fire, water, milk nor salt should be given away on this day for love or money, and if a wayfarer is given a cup of milk he *must* drink it in the house, and salt must be mixed with it. Ashes are often sprinkled on the threshold on May Eve, and if the print of a foot is found next morning, turned inwards, it foretells marriage; but if turned outwards, death. Irish maidens practise divination on May Day, regarding their love affairs. The Yarrow is one method. The girls dance round it singing:

"Yarrow, yarrow, yarrow,
I bid thee good morrow
And tell me before to-morrow
Who my true love shall be."

The heel is then placed under the pillow at night, and in dreams the true lover will appear. Another method is by snails. The girls go out before sunrise to trace the path of the snails in the clay, for always a letter is marked, and it is the initial of the sweetheart's name. A black snail is very unlucky to meet first, for his trail would mean death, but a white one brings good fortune. To make the skin beautiful it is necessary to wash the face first at sunrise on May Morning with May dew. To hear the cuckoo on the First of May is a bad omen. Of old, the year began on the First of May, and an old Irish rhyme says:

"A white lamb on my right side,
So will good come to me;
But not the little false cuckoo
On the first day of the year."

—G. WELBURN.

A RELIC OF MAY REVELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among the few remnants of the one-time May revels which are now left to us there is none more strange, perhaps, than the practice of "hobby-horsing" which every year is seen at Minehead. The custom, which is kept up by the seafaring portion of the community, consists in a number of sailors perambulating the streets with a fantastical construction, rudely resembling a horse, which is known as the "hobby-horse." It is composed of a light wooden framework, with gaudily-painted houselling reaching to the ground, and is bedecked on the upper portion with a profusion of gaily-coloured ribbons. The framework is carried on the shoulders of a man, whose head, thrust through an aperture in the back, is covered with a conical head-dress and grotesque mask. The "animal's" tail is a rope fastened at one end, to which is

spliced a cow's tail, and this trails along the ground accumulating mud or dust which, with an occasional swish, is distributed among the spectators. The first three days of May are spent by the "hobby-horse" in capering about the streets to the accompaniments of concertina music and the monotonous tum-tumming of a tabor—an old-fashioned drum—these instruments being played by two attendants. The object of the whole performance is, as might be expected, "largesse," and passers-by are assiduously importuned to contribute. It is a firm belief of the sailors that no one can interfere with their rights so long as three rules are observed. The first is that at six o'clock on May Morning the "hobby-horse" and his party must visit a certain cross-roads on the West of the town, and the second that at ten o'clock on May 3rd they shall finish at a certain cross-roads in the opposite direction, the third being that the custom must not be allowed to fall through even for one year. On the eve of May Day the "hobby-horse" turns out for a preliminary canter, this being known as the "Warning." These rules have always been strictly adhered to, and there seems no likelihood of the practice dropping through for a good while to come. It is very probable that a "hobby-horse" will figure in the coming Pageant of Empire.—HERBERT W. KILLICK.

EARLY AERONAUTICS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would this old advertisement, taken from the *Westminster Review*, July 1st, 1835 (seventy-five years ago), be of interest to present-day aeronautists?

EUROPEAN AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

First Aerial Ship,

THE EAGLE,

160 Feet Long, 50 Feet High, 40 Feet Wide,

Manned by a Crew of 17.

Constructed for establishing direct communication between the several
CAPITALS OF EUROPE.

The first experiment of this New System of
AERIAL NAVIGATION

will be made from

LONDON to PARIS and BACK AGAIN.

May be viewed from Six in the morning till Dusk, in the Dock-yard of the Society, at the entrance of Kensington, Victoria Road, facing Kensington Gardens, between the First Turnpike from Hyde Park Corner and the Avenue to Kensington Palace.

Admittance every day of the week 1s.

The Public is admitted on Sundays, but never during the hours of Divine Service. Free admission the whole year (Sundays and Holidays included) for Members of the Society and their friends.

The ambitions of this early European Aeronautical Society seem to have outflown their "Eagle"; but it is interesting to see how long aerial navigation has been seriously considered—and advertised.—A. H.

STOKESAY CASTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a child I remember Mr. Stackhouse Acton coming to my father, the late J. D. Allcroft, and he put the big hall in good repair by putting in new side beams to support the heavy roof. This was about 1875. In 1905

I got the secretary of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings to come down and see the castle. Under his advice I put the solar withdrawing-room in thorough repair. The oak beams had the whitewash taken off and then they were waxed. Many of the panels had gone and were boarded up anyhow. I had the boards removed and the whole room completed in its original style, only all the work was carried out in new oak, so that there was no attempt made to confuse the new work with the old. The room was painted at one time and the paint had perished. I had it all brushed over with a wire brush, so that the room is now exactly in the same state as when it was first panelled, except that you can see the new oak. I also did up the gatehouse. It was done with great care, so that you can see no change from the outside, but all the work has been done inside, so that although the gatehouse has now been done up in really good repair and made as strong as possible, you would never know the work that has been put in it. The bushes you refer to in the photograph I have had taken away, so that now the castle stands up by itself and you can see all the details of the work as you enter the courtyard. I feel sure this has been a great improvement.—
H. J. ALLCROFT.

HUMPED CATTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Mr. Lydekker's article on "Humped Cattle" in your issue of February 19th, there is a passage in which it is stated that the large white rump-patch of the typical *tsaine* or *banteng* disappears in the domesticated *banteng* of the island of Bali. Mr. Lydekker argues by analogy that the white fetlocks of certain humped cattle may be relics of the stockings of the *banteng*, from which animal they may be derived. As the statement with regard to the *banteng*'s rump-patch is wholly incorrect, the deduction based upon it is left without support. Among many hundred freshly-landed Bali cattle seen by me in Singapore, where they form a large proportion of the population's meat supply, none has ever been noticed without the white rump-patch, and the importers state that all the Bali *bantengs* possess such markings. These patches, together with the white stockings and the white hairs in the ears as possessed by the typical *banteng*, can be clearly seen in a specimen I sent to the South Kensington Museum, which is now exhibited among the domesticated animals, and also in a photograph, with notes, forwarded through Mr. Lydekker to the *Field* of July 2nd, 1904. Apart from the white areas, these domesticated cattle vary in colour from sooty brown to fulvous. "*Banteng*" is the Javanese name for the animal, as it is known in the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra as "*sapi*," and in Borneo as "*tembadau*."—C. HODEN KLOSS.

[In reference to the above, Mr. Lydekker writes: "I may remark that a comparison with the typical Javan *bantin*, the rump-patch in the domesticated specimen from Bali in the Natural History Museum (presented by Mr. Kloss himself) is so small as to be practically negligible. In any case the point has no bearing on the main thesis of my original article."—ED.]

CHILD PLAYERS AT WINCHELSEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The historic Court House at Winchelsea was the scene of a pretty performance on Wednesday, April 13th, when the children of the village



AN IDYLL OF THE CONQUEST.



SAXON AND NORMAN.

school gave "*Saxon and Norman*," by Miss Amice Macdonnell, who—historical plays for children, "*Alfred the Great*," "*The Armada*" and "*Robin Hood*," are well known. Twenty-three children took part in the play, and the spirit which they threw into their parts, the ease with which they moved and the careful elocution reflected the greatest credit on their schoolmistress, Miss Passey. No scenery was attempted, but the stage was draped with simple hangings of green serge surmounted with laurels, which made an effective background to the various tableaux presented. The costumes were so admirably designed that it was a surprise to many to learn that they were made up of the cheapest possible materials, costing about sixpence a yard. The writer of the play has taken some pains to procure patterns of tunics, dresses and armour which are easy to make and yet historically correct; the chain-armour, consisting of hauberk, hood and close-fitting shoulder-cape, made of motor-cleaning material (Kleen-quick) boiled in size, blacklead and silvered, was specially remarkable and made a perfect illusion. The colouring of the costume was rich and artistically thought out, so that the moving panorama of little figures presented at every moment some charming colour scheme, which blended with the massive architecture of the old building to produce a brilliant effect. The play is woven round the tragedy of the Conquest, and the audience was taken from Edward the Confessor's Palace to Normandy, and from Harold's Camp to that of the Duke William, getting in short and telling scenes a wonderful sense of the passions stirring on both sides of the Channel. The very names of the children performing lent a continuity to the train of thought suggested, for the Archers, the Freemans, the Brooks, the Fields, the Tiltmans, the Brakefields, the Turners and Eastwoods were surely descendants of those stout Saxons who fought at Pevensey, while Howard and Veness speak, perhaps, of the Norman blend. A fighting race it has ever been, for the ivy-covered gates of Winchelsea and its ruined church bear startling witness to the ravages of the French in the days when Winchelsea was still washed by the waves, and its modern children have borne their part in the struggles of Empire not unworthily. When the last words of the epilogue had been spoken, inviting the thoughts of the hearers to rest on the "work wrought together by Saxon and Norman whose fathers died fighting against one another," more than one of the crowded audience began to wonder whether here in such sincere and simple stage performances, acted by the people, for the people, might not lie hope for the revival of the stage, rather than among costly urban shows. It remains to add that those who enjoyed this rich treat were indebted for it to Miss Beddington, under whose public-spirited direction the play was given.—G. L.

THE COMMON BUZZARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to the letter of your correspondent Mr. Walpole-Bond, I must first confess that my statement, that the nests of the buzzard built in trees are usually occupied by a bird of prey each season, is a slip of the pen; I meant, and should have written, "occupied by a bird of some kind each season."

In reference to the first part of the letter I need say little, for, after all, there is very little difference between a ledge proper and a ledge supported by a tree or bush. I used the word in a broad sense, and did not refer to a level, bare, unprotected slab of slate. I have already this season seen very many nests of the buzzard; all these, with two exceptions, were on ledges, and all were in well-wooded districts, and this bears out my statement that the buzzard prefers the cliff to a tree. If Mr. Walpole-Bond will try to recollect all the buzzards' nests he has seen, he will find that about nine out of every



THE COMMON BUZZARD.

twelve are on the rocks. I know my Wales as well as I know my own home, and the proportion of tree-building buzzards is as stated. It is dangerous to use the word "invariably" in connection with birds; they do nothing invariably. I did not say that the buzzard invariably incubates its first and succeeding eggs. It is, however, *usual* for the bird to do so, especially with the Welsh buzzards, and I have never known a Welsh buzzard to lay more than three eggs. I did not expect Mr. Walpole-Bond to accept my statement in regard to the young buzzard killing its companions. Very few naturalists will accept it. But all those who in modern times have discovered new traits in British wild animals have had just the same difficulty in convincing their critics. What does your correspondent mean when he says that young buzzards while yet in the eyrie bicker a good deal? Does not this rather support my theory? The difference seems to be that I say they fight, and fight desperately, and to the death, when less than one month old. After that period, if they survive these battles they will live more peacefully, and even in districts where food is plentiful all three birds will survive, for food in plenty brings contentment and sleep. I still stand by my statements, and will in time endeavour to convince all my critics by photography and bioscope pictures. In the meantime the fact remains that in eight out of every twelve buzzards' nests in a large portion of South Central Wales only one young bird is reared, although two and three leave their shells in safety. Can this be a chance occurrence? Your correspondent says there is no parallel case in Nature. This is a bold statement. I shall some day

hope to prove that the same trait is found with the kite and golden eagle.—OLIVER G. PIKE.

MORDEN COLLEGE.

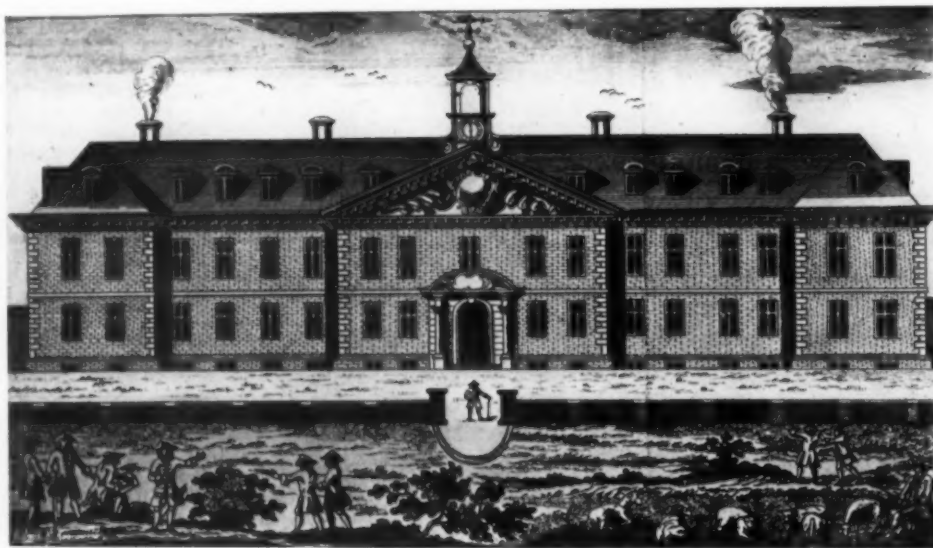
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you two photographs of Morden College, Blackheath. One is from an old engraving in the British Museum, and the other of the building itself. As will be seen on comparing them, in the central portion of the former there is nothing but a single window, similar in design to those flanking it. The pediment also contains a kind of shield in place of the two niches containing the figures of Sir John Morden and his wife as now seen. This latter difference seems contradicted by the probability that Cibber, the Dane who came to England in Wren's time, and who is generally believed to have been associated with him for many years after about 1670, is said to have carved these statues; he was, in fact, chief sculptor under Wren, and among his better-known works is the statue of Queen Anne in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. Among other differences between the engraving and the present building may be noticed the dormer windows and the mullions employed in the main windows instead of the present sash-bars. I should be exceedingly glad if you or any of your readers could refer me to any definite authority for evidence on the subject. I have seen the engraving referred to, but unfortunately all the printed matter has been cut off, and even the date can only be approximately judged by the costumes on the figures in the foreground. It is true that these old drawings were not always over-accurate, due largely to the mechanical methods of the draughtsman of that period; but it seems unlikely that such a mistake as this would have been made. I should be exceedingly grateful if through the medium of your "Correspondence" columns I could obtain the information that I desire.—W. G. ALLEN.

[The reason for the difference in the appearance in the west front of the Morden College shown by the two illustrations is easily explained. The one, reproduced from a recent photograph, represents the building as finally erected, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, by Edward Strong, the famous master mason who was engaged in the building of St. Paul's. The other is a reproduction from the engraving which was dedicated by Richard Blome to Sir John Morden, and which is entitled, "The West prospect of Morden Colledge in the Parish of Charlton in the County of Kent now erecting at the sole charge of the Honoured Sr John Morden." In the words "now erecting" lies the key of the mystery. Richard Blome must have taken, as the basis



THE WEST FRONT TO-DAY.



RICHARD BLOME'S ENGRAVING OF MORDEN COLLEGE.

of his view, either Wren's first drawing or the unfinished building; probably the latter. If we compare Wren's drawings for St. Paul's—even the accepted set—with the church as completed, we see how much change and development took place during the progress of the work. No doubt the same occurred at the Morden College. The niches containing the figures of the founder and his wife and certain other details were later ideas, conceived, adopted and carried out as the building arose, and therefore did not appear in the engraving that was made before completion.—ED.]